# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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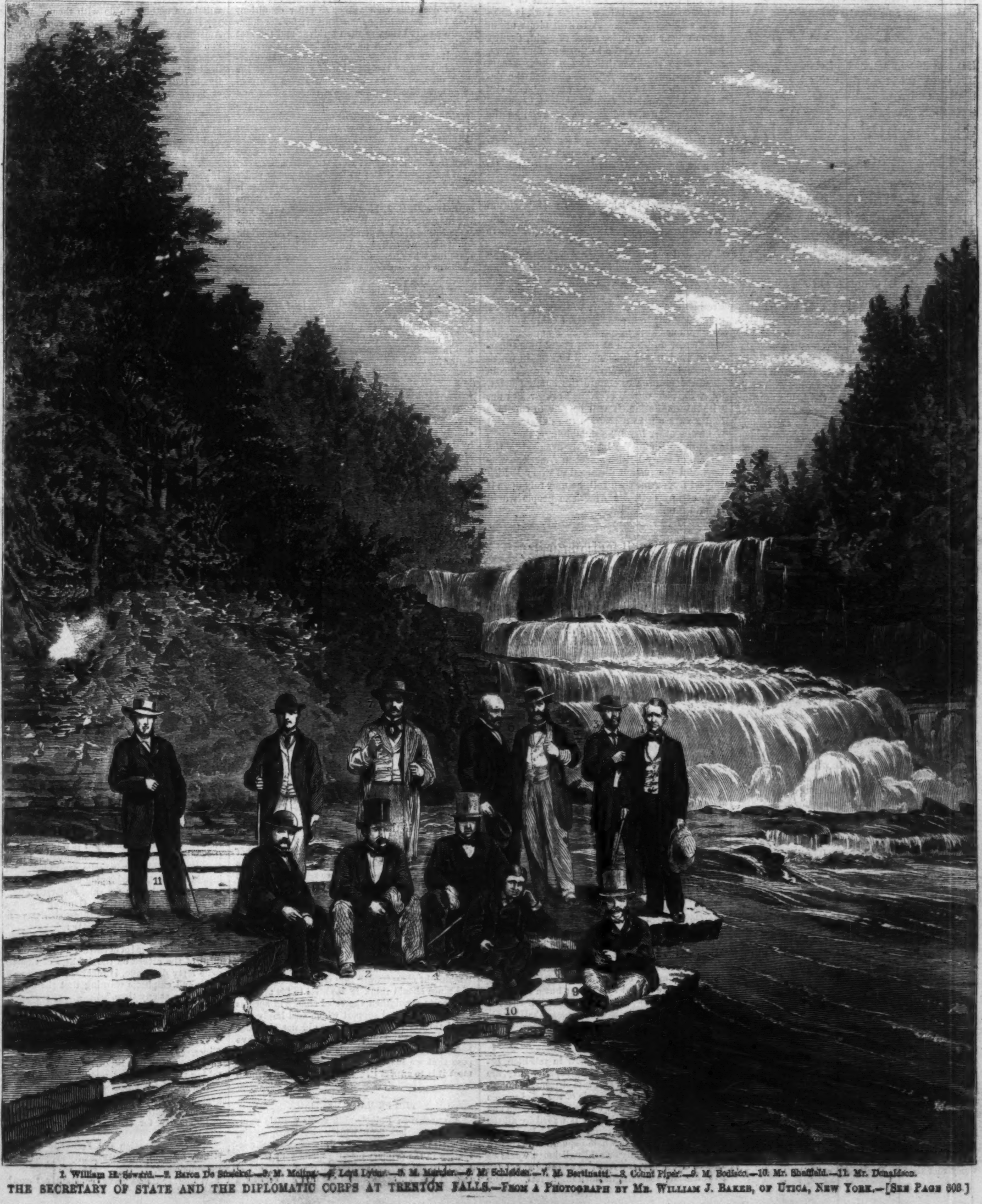



1. William H. Seward.—2. Baron De Stoeckel.—3. M. Molina.—4. Lord Lyons.—5. M. Mercier.—6. M. Schleiden.—7. M. Bertinatti.—8. Count Piper.—9. M. Bodisco.—10. Mr. Sheffield.—11. Mr. Donaldson.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE AND THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT TRENTON FALLS.—From a Photograph by Mr. William J. Baker, of Utica, New York.—[See Page 603.]

## THE TWO SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Two men went out from the fire-lit camp
In the autumn midnight gray;
Over the quaking, croaking swamp
To the edge of the woodland still and damp
With rifle and spade went they.

A hunting owl wailed out to its young,
And a picket stood as still
In the meadow below as the shadows flung
By the beaded tent lights thickly strung
On the silver-threaded rill.

'Twas long ere the picket moved away,
And there was no time to lose;
The pits must be dug by the dawn of day:—
Said one, "We are digging graves, I say;"
And the other whispered, "Whose?"

With the morning light a column of steel
Moved upward along the hill
Toward the hidden pits, but a double peal
Close in the front made the column reel
A moment, and then stand still.

The check won a battle-field that day;
On the morrow the dead were laid
Head to foot in a trench of clay,
But two apart in the front that lay
Were buried without a spade.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.


## THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

It is pretty generally understood that General Lee is massing his forces for a third raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Rumor states—with considerable plausibility—that the rebel armies under Bragg, Johnson, and Pemberton have been stripped of men to swell the invading force from Virginia. The losses at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg have been fully repaired, and it seems not unlikely that before the end of the month General Lee may lead 125,000 or 150,000 veterans across the Potomac to the familiar plains of Southern Pennsylvania. What is likely to be the result?

We have three armies co-operating with each other on what may be termed the field of operations. General Meade is in face of Lee with an army which is being swelled daily by arrivals of conscripts, and by the release of the forces which Governor Seymour's party political trickery kept here for the enforcement of the draft. General Rosecrans, with an army as large as can be manœuvred on any ordinary battle-field, to say nothing of a large corps under Burnside acting in concert with him, is crossing the Tennessee, and taking ground in Northern Alabama, and Eastern Georgia and Tennessee. General Grant, who has arrived at New Orleans, is massing his splendid veteran army for operations in Southern Alabama and Mississippi, and may be heard from, perhaps, before these lines are read. We have two more armies under Banks and Gilmore, which are operating with vigor in their respective spheres; but as their movements have no direct bearing on the probable issue of another campaign in Maryland or Pennsylvania, we pass them over for the present.

Now, if Lee takes advantage of the cool weather of September to move northward, as the necessities of the position will probably compel him to do, the policy of General Meade will be very obvious. It will be that of General Hooker—retreat. No opposition will be made to Lee's passage of the Potomac. He will not be met any where on the way. He will be allowed to enter Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania at his leisure. The exemplary patriots who charged our volunteers six cents a glass for water, and of whom only one man in a whole village or town volunteered to fight against the invader, will be permitted to enjoy the society of the rebels to their heart's content. The banks of the Susquehanna, Pittsburg, and one or two other points north will be fortified by way of setting some limit to Lee's march. But he will be suffered to get his army deeper into the Free States than he has ever yet penetrated. As soon as he has pushed to a reasonable point north his Southern communications will be cut. The Army of the Potomac will take position south of him, while fortified places, garrisoned by Northern militia, will shut him off from further movement northward. The result of this strategy, which was plainly drawn out at the War Department by General Hooker, will be a battle in which the odds will be enormously against the rebels, and in which their defeat will involve the surrender of their army.

Meanwhile General Grant will be taking care of Mobile, the fall of which—if properly attacked by land and sea—can not be a matter of doubt; and Generals Rosecrans and Burnside, penetrating the rebel country by way of Chattanooga and Knoxville, will complete its bisection east and west as Grant and Banks have bisected it north and south. Charleston is now as seriously menaced by Rosecrans as by Gilmore. If Chattanooga falls—and Burnside's operations, combined with those of Rosecrans, seem to render its fall certain—Rome and Atlanta follow, and Charleston stands defenseless on the land side.

Altogether, the fall campaign opens promisingly, and though the ultimate issue is in the hand of the God of battles, we think we are entitled to hope much.

## THE BRITISH PIRATES.

THE British have launched another pirate, iron-clad this time, intended to prey upon American commerce, and to drive American vessels out of the carrying trade for the benefit of British bottoms. The craft is said to have got to sea. Her commander is a Southerner, but her crew, like herself, are British, and she is as thoroughly an English vessel as the *Warrior* or the *Agamemnon*.

It is suggested that she will come to New York to bombard the city. We deem it very likely. We can not help thinking that the *Florida* and *Alabama* showed a want of pluck in not coming here before. New York is comparatively defenseless. A British pirate might steam up our bay, under cover of night, destroy half the city with shells in three or four hours, and escape scathless before morning. Steam and long-range artillery have changed the nature of maritime warfare, and no sea-board city is safe. We might safely bombard Liverpool or Southampton, and escape, if we, like the British, had taken to the piratical business. As it is, there is no good reason why the new iron-clad should not avenge upon New York or Boston the destruction of Charleston, and the chances are that she will.

Various suggestions have been made in the papers in view of such an event. One journal proposes war, instant and immediate. Another advises a confiscation of British property. Others commend forbearance.

We will not embarrass the Administration by any recommendations on the subject. No man who has carefully and honestly watched the course of the Government can doubt that the President is jealously alive to the necessity of protecting our interests against foreign nations. And no one but the President really understands whether or no we can at the present time superadd a foreign war to the civil contest in which we are engaged. If, therefore, Mr. Lincoln should determine to endure the bombardment, by a British vessel, of New York or Boston, without retaliation, it will be safe to conclude that we are not in a position to retaliate. But if, on the other hand, he should direct that such an outrage should be instantly avenged by the seizure of every British vessel in American waters, and the instant dismissal of every British subject from American soil, he may rely upon it that, at any cost, the American people would sustain him.

## THE LOUNGER.

### THE NATIONAL AND STATE GOVERNMENTS.

IN a late article signed B. J. L. there is a very clear statement of one view of the relations of the National Government to the rebellion. The doctrine of the article is, that unless the rebellion wholly succeeds it fails entirely; that the Union has not been affected unless it is destroyed; and that, of course, no State has ever "gone away." The Constitution of certain States has been overpowered by rebels, just as the authorities of the city of New York were defied, and the laws, for a time, were paralyzed during the riot. When the riot was conquered the laws resumed their sway without conditions or "reconstruction." So it will be with the Constitutions of the States when the rebellion is subdued.

In this view the author allows that the States may continue to hold slaves and make slavery legal within their limits. But such State laws must apply to new persons, because all the persons who are now enslaved were, with some exceptions, freed by the Proclamation. If South Carolina wishes to hold slaves hereafter she must buy them in Kentucky, Tennessee, or in some part of the district excepted from the emancipation order. But he concludes that this is impossible. The practical re-establishment of slavery among a population wholly free will not be attempted.

The objection to this view is that it deprives the Government of the power of securing peace. When, for instance, the rebels are conquered in Virginia, does the State Constitution become operative by the mere fact that arms have been laid down? If so, and all who are voters under that instrument may at once send members to Congress, what have we gained by the war but a reopening of the struggle? On the other hand, if the National Government insists that no one shall vote in Virginia who has not taken an oath prescribed by itself, then the Constitution of Virginia does not resume its functions.

To assume that the men now in rebellion, because they may be overcome by superior force, are therefore at once loyal and safe citizens, is impossible. The body of the people of the rebel section are in insurrection. War exists between them and the Government, and the war is waged by all the means and upon all the terms of war. By the necessity of the case the whole population is treated as belligerent, exactly as all Englishmen would be in case of war between America and England, however friendly some Englishmen might feel. Upon what other ground does the Proclamation rest? If the rebels are individuals, and not a community, why are the slaves of the community, and not of the rebel proprietors alone, emancipated? Clearly the same right which the Government unquestionably has to emancipate the slaves of a hostile community for its assistance in time of war, it has to secure peace when it has conquered the enemy, upon such conditions as it considers wise. It may insist upon guarantees exactly as it would in treating with a foreign power. For, practically—so far as fighting and the course of war are concerned—the rebels have been a foreign power. If the war had been with English or French troops in possession of the Southern section, it would be conducted exactly as it is to-day. Therefore, when the military force of the insurrection is subdued, the United States Government will rightfully hold the rebel section by the strong hand until it is satisfied that there is no danger to its peace; and it must itself be the judge of its own satisfaction.

If some such general view be not the true one then the Government can deal with the rebels merely as rioters. But it has long since relinquished that position. The Supreme Court held, and Judge Taney did not dissent, that since July, 1861, a state of war has existed. Thus what was a matter of fact has become also a matter of law.

Nor does this view authorize other conditions than submission to the Constitution; for the emancipation edict being, as the President and the best authorities hold, "in pursuance" of the Constitution, it secures the condition which would be otherwise imposed as the security of peace. But the edict does, so far as the present slaves are concerned, conflict with the State constitutions and laws which recognize slavery. It is not true, therefore, that those constitutions and laws are merely dormant, and upon the submission of the rebellious citizens will resume all their force; because all the persons now known to those laws as slaves have been freed by a power beyond the States.

Whether such States will have the power under their constitutions to establish slavery hereafter is a question to be hereafter considered. We agree entirely with B. J. L., that they are not likely to try the experiment. We agree with him also that "the National Government will have no more right to interfere with the constitution and laws of South Carolina when her people shall become loyal and obedient members of the Republic, after the rebellion, than before." But does not this very statement imply that the Government *has* the right during the rebellion? And if so, how can it be said that the State constitution is "utterly untouched in all its essential elements?"

The more thoroughly the question is considered, and in the calm and careful spirit of B. J. L., the better for the country now and always.

### FRANCE IN MEXICO.

THE editorial article in the last number of the *Weekly* upon "The Mexican Empire," stated very clearly the deliberate insult offered to this country by Louis Napoleon in putting his foot upon the Monroe doctrine, and the ultimate tendency of the French occupation of Mexico to destroy the Mexican church. Meanwhile, in pursuance of the French policy, we ought not to be surprised by an early recognition of "the Confederacy" by the Emperor, unless we suppose that he means to abandon his Mexican project. If he does not, he knows perfectly well that the United States can not look quietly on while France plants herself at our frontier upon the ruins of a power friendly to us. What then is his probable and wisest course?

He came to Mexico because he supposed the destruction of this Government only a question of time. His agent in this country, M. Mercier, is the most faithful friend and well-wisher of the rebels, and the rebel agent in France, Mr. Slidell, has been upon the friendliest terms with the Emperor. From these persons he has constantly heard what he wished to believe. Under pretense of securing the French debt he sent an army to Mexico, in the expectation that it would be victorious at the same time with the rebellion. The first necessity of the new Confederacy would be a strong alliance, and France would be at hand and quite ready. Of course so long as the rebels were fighting successfully there was no need of discussing recognition. That could come when the parent government owned its defeat, or when it was evidently defeated. But now that the triumph of the rebellion, which is essential to his scheme, becomes doubtful, what must he do but relinquish the scheme or improve its prospects of success, and how can he do this more fully at the present time than by recognizing the Confederacy? War with the United States, he will say, is certain if I do not leave Mexico. But I mean to stay in Mexico. Is it, therefore, not wiser for me to risk war with the United States when both their hands are engaged than when they are free?

Besides this, French recognition would give the utmost moral support to the rebellion, and throw upon us the responsibility of declaring war, while it would certainly delight England and open the way for all foreign powers to follow.

Meanwhile one war at a time is enough. If the "midnight conspirator" who sits upon the throne of France should think it essential to his plans in Mexico to strengthen the rebel chance of success by offering a moral support which will imply material aid when necessary, we could not alter our present course and purpose. But because we have had no serious foreign trouble we ought not to suppose that we may have none. The best way to meet it is to expect it. Forewarned is forearmed.

### THE PRIMARY MEETINGS.

A FRIEND in Philadelphia sends a little pamphlet, which has been widely circulated, urging upon all faithful citizens the duty of active participation in the primary meetings, and adds to some excellent suggestions of his own the agreeable fact that at the late ward meetings in Philadelphia a class of men were present who have hitherto abstained from all part in them.

The war, it is certain, will teach us many things. Not the least important of them will be the truth, that we shall have saved the Government in vain if we do not with the same spirit purify its operation. The premium which a despotic Government offers to every man is personal freedom from the annoyance of its management. The price that every citizen in a Republic must pay for its perpetuity is his willing share in the duties and vexations of its operation. Do we get any thing in the world without paying the fullest price for it; and do we soberly expect to have the greatest public blessing of all, a good Government, for nothing? And the officers of that Government are not elected at the polls, they are elected at the caucus which puts into our hands the ballots we are to use at the polls. It is in vain that you come to the polls declaring that neither John of the one party nor James of the other are fit men for the office, but that Joseph is precisely the man. Your choice practically lies between John and James. You may vote for Joseph, but only to increase the majority of a candidate you think unfit.

The work of this Government is done at the primary meetings. You say that they are made up of bruisers, blackguards, and ruffians, and you will have nothing to do with them. When you say it you deliberately abdicate your duty as an American citizen, and so far as you are concerned you take care that the Government shall be in the hands of rascals and bullies. If you are not willing to take off your slippers—to hire a horse, if you live in the country—to drive a few miles in the cold or heat—to see and hear and smell disagreeable people—to argue with stupidity and to bear with prejudice, you are not fit to be a citizen of a republic. If you are a farmer, and think your corn will be weeded if you stay in the house for fear of dirtying your fingers, when harvest comes every stook of your miserable crop will cry Fool, fool! If you are a citizen, and think Government takes care of itself, your increased taxes, your complicated burdens, growing crime, disorder, and civil war will cry Fool, fool! to you from every lost right, and every guarantee of peace overthrown.

It is not labor which you can honorably escape, because it can not be done by another. Every man breathes for himself, and he votes for himself. The duty can not be delegated, because every man's vote is wanted; and when you reflect upon the machinery of a primary meeting as it is now managed, upon the character of the men in most districts who control it, and upon the miserable part of dummy which is left to the voter at the polls, your indignation, if not your patriotism, may be aroused.

Another day we shall return to these points, and often to the general subject.

### CHIVALRY.

THE chivalric Quantrell did at Lawrence, in Kansas, upon a large scale, what has been done every where in the war upon a large and small scale by the chivalry. The ardent children of the sunny South, whether whittling bones into bracelets, or scooping skulls into cups, or shooting negroes by the light of a lantern, or hanging and torturing Union men, or devastating and massacring at Lawrence, or shelling a town, as in the following account, before demanding its surrender, show the same fine sense of honor, and the same noble impetuosity, gallantry, and high spirit which have always marked their conduct in Congress and society:

NEWVILLE, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

SIR,—In your account of the shelling of Carlisle by the rebels, in your paper of July 25, you mistake in saying they sent in several flags of truce to General Smith, asking the surrender of the town, before commencing the bombardment. *No flag of truce was sent in until the shelling had commenced some time.*

It was but one of the many chi[illegible] acts which they were the authors of during their stay in our valley. Hoping you will make the correction, I remain, etc.,

JUSTICE.

### FORTY DAYS' WARNING.

IF any timid soul nervously asks whether he may not take the veracious Beauregard's word and believe General Gilmore to be a barbarian and a monster, let him read the General's letter to the Spanish Consul in Charleston, who was solicitous for the safety of his fellow-countrymen in that city. For what purpose did the veracious Beauregard and the Spanish Consul and other people in Charleston suppose that Gilmore was battering Sumter and Wagner? Did they fancy that his object was Morris Island? Not at all. They knew that it was the city, and that it was their duty, if they disliked shells and cannon-balls, to depart. But the amiable gentry who are fighting for the inestimable right of whipping women, flaying men, and breeding babies for sale, preferred a fling of "inhumanity" against the General who was so wicked as to use guns that threw shells five miles. So the commander says, quietly:

"I had supposed that ample time had been given for this purpose [of departure]. The commencement of the attack on the defenses of Charleston, some forty days ago, is regarded as having given plain and emphatic warning that the city might be fired on at any time."

### EASY QUESTIONS AND VERY EASY ANSWERS.

THE rebel Maury, in a letter to the London *Times*, says that "New York is becoming the champion of States Rights, and to that extent is taking the Southern ground."

Under whose auspices is it taking the rebel ground? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose election was hailed by the rebels as a good augury for their success? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose nomination did Fernando Wood, notoriously disloyal, enthusiastically support? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose speeches have constantly thrown the

guilt of the rebellion upon the loyal free States? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose phrase is it that the Union must fall rather than slavery? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose "friends" are the wanton burners of orphan asylums and the remorseless murderers of innocent men and children? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose opinion was it, when the rebels "seceded," that the Government could not "coerce" States? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose hope was it that, under that foolish trick of words, the Government might be overthrown? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose success does S. S. Cox declare would complete the policy to be inaugurated by Vallandigham? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose nomination for President of the United States does Jeff Davis desire? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose election would help to secure the triumph of the rebels? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose position, beside that of his old political companion General Dix, is that of a Copperhead beside a patriot? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose head was metaphorically put in chancery and punched by General Dix? Horatio Seymour's.

Whose name will hereafter be classed with Aaron Burr's? Horatio Seymour's.

Of whose name have we now had enough? Horatio Seymour's.

### SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE ter-centenary of Shakespeare's birth occurs on the 23d of April, 1864. England is making great preparation for the celebration. They have a National Shakespeare Committee, of which the Prince of Wales is expected to be President, and Alfred Tennyson is Vice-President. This may be considered as a formal recognition of Tennyson as the chief of living English poets. The Committee is composed of men of every pursuit; for it is Shakespeare as the representative Englishman, not Shakespeare the poet only, whose memory they propose to honor.

But Shakespeare does not belong to England only. He is larger than England, and belongs to the language. Wherever the language of Shakespeare is spoken his lovers have an equal claim upon his memory. He is ours not less than theirs. He is American not less than English. It was in his day that the influences which made America stirred society. It was soon after his death that his contemporaries and their children planted America. We ought therefore to share in the celebration. His birth is our festival also. Cordelia and Rosalind, Hamlet and Mercutio, are ours.

Let our known and special Shakespearians move in the matter and name a committee. Mr. Verplanck, Mr. Hudson, Mr. White, have each edited the great poet. There are eminent Shakespeare scholars also. Why will they not combine and consider the whole subject? It is not necessary to do it in connection with the English movement. We paid our homage to Burns independently of that of Scotland and of the rest of the world. And the attitude of many eminent English literary men during the war has certainly not inspired cordial sympathy for a united celebration. Carlyle, Bulwer, Thackeray, Kingsley, and others have sneered, and great numbers of the magazines and papers have scoffed at a cause which concerns all liberty. But our interest is not with them, it is with Shakespeare. Let them honor him as they will. Let us also, in our own way and from our own hearts, offer our homage.

### A FEW QUESTIONS.

VERMONT has just elected a loyal Governor: a Senate unanimously loyal, and a House which counts only some dozen members who are opposed to the war. Vermont supports unconditionally and overwhelmingly the policy of the Government. Does any body believe that the great safeguards of civil liberty are endangered in Vermont, because she did not elect friends of Davis and Toombs to be her Governor and legislators? Does any body believe that those safeguards will be more secure in Ohio than in Vermont, if Vallandigham should be chosen Governor of Ohio? Does any body believe that the rights of citizens or legitimate State rights are in any greater peril in Vermont, where a Copperhead is not Governor, than they are in New York where Seymour *is*? Are the principles of the Government and the Constitution any less safe in the State of Vermont than they are in Kentucky? If every loyal State followed the example of Vermont would a single lover of the Union and the Government regret the result?

### WHAT IS ALLEGED AND *NOT* DENIED.

IF there be any infamy in the word thief, it belongs to John B. Floyd. If there be any crime in purely causeless and bloody rebellion against just and equal laws, he was a criminal. If there be any thing despicable in poltroonery, he was contemptible. But he had the merit, in Copperhead eyes, of being in arms against the Government of the United States; consequently the chief Copperhead organ in the country smoothly says of him, "It has been alleged, and it has also been denied, that the treason of John B. Floyd had manifested itself while he yet held office under the United States Government, in the transfer of arms to the South to aid the cause of the rebellion."

It has also been alleged, but it has never been denied, that the treason of Copperheads manifests itself in a pretended loyalty to the Government, while all their sympathy is transferred to the South to aid and comfort the rebellion.

## ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL HALLECK last week secured the appointment of twenty-four young soldiers, from our armies now in the field, to cadetships at West Point. The cadetships due to the Virginia Congressional districts are given to young lads who have distinguished themselves, and are otherwise qualified, in the Army of the Potomac. The cadetships due to Western Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, are to be conferred on General GRANT's recommendation. So in the other departments. And General HALLECK further takes the ground that next year all appointments to West Point shall be made from young soldiers in the field, or the sons of officers who have rendered important services in this war; not that the appointments are to be taken from the various Congressmen in the Northern and other States, but that the Congressmen in their recommendations are to be restricted to these classes of nominees.

Among the recent arrivals from New Orleans is Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. FOSTER, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York Volunteers. Colonel FOSTER served under General BANKS in the Shenandoah Valley as Major, and won his promotion by his bravery at Port Hudson.

The steam sloops of war *Hartford*, *Richmond*, and *Brooklyn*, now at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, are to be put in order as soon as possible, and as the *Niagara*, at Boston, is to be ready about the same time, it is surmised that these four noble ships are destined for some special service not yet made public. Rumor says that they will go across the Atlantic to operate together as a special squadron on the coast of England and France.

Official information has been received in regard to the fate of Lieutenant-Colonel BRODERICK and Major SHELMIRE, First New Jersey Cavalry, in the cavalry fight at Brandy Station on June 9. They were both killed in the charge upon the rebel General STUART's head-quarters. BRODERICK fell at the very entrance of General STUART's tent.

W. B. C. DURYEE, Assistant Adjutant-General, has been assigned to duty in the Army of the Potomac.

The following navy orders have been issued:

Commodore THOMAS F. CRAVEN ordered to command the *Niagara*.

Commander JOHN GUEST ordered to duty at Navy-yard, Washington.

Commander JAMES P. SANFORD ordered to command the *Sassacus*.

Commander E. T. NICHOLS ordered to command the *Mendota*.

Lieutenant-Commander FRANCIS M. ROE detached from ordnance duty at New York, and ordered to command the steamer *Neptune*.

Lieutenant-Commander WATSON SMITH ordered to command the *Paul Jones*.

Lieutenant-Commander JOHN S. BARNES detached from the command of the *Paul Jones*, and ordered to the *Niagara*.

Lieutenant-Commander BANCROFT GHERARDI ordered to command the *Chocura*.

Lieutenant-Commander DANIEL L. BRAINE detached from ordnance duty at New York, and ordered to command the steamer *Vicksburg*.

Lieutenant-Commander WILLIAM F. TRUXTON detached from the command of the *Chocura*, and waiting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander J. C. P. DE KRAFT detached from the Navy Yard at Washington, and waiting orders.

Lieutenant-Commander L. A. BEARDSLEE ordered to special duty at New York.

Lieutenant-Commander S. L. BREESE detached from the *Roanoke*, preparatory orders to command the *Sagamore*.

Captain JOHNSON, one of the personal aids of Major-General HEINTZELMAN, has been promoted to the rank of major. He will remain upon the staff of General HEINTZELMAN.

Under the new dealing with officers, justly or unjustly obnoxious, Colonel BOWMAN, Military Superintendent of West Point, has been removed, and Brigadier-General H. G. WRIGHT put in his place.

Major-General HUNTER, at his own request, has been assigned to an important command in the West.

General JOHN A. GARFIELD has written a letter denying many of the assertions of CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, and convicting him of uttering untruths about the sentiments of the people of the South. General GARFIELD also says that he holds himself personally responsible to Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, or any of his friends, for the statements he has made.

It is understood that General RUFUS INGALLS, so long the efficient Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac, is to succeed to the Quarter-master Generalship made vacant by the removal of General MEIGS.

Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES G. HALPINE, lately upon the staff of Major-General HUNTER, and afterward upon that of General HALLECK, has been temporarily assigned to duty on the staff of Major-General DIX.

Commander THATCHER has been ordered to the West Gulf Blockading Squadron to command the steam frigate *Colorado*.

Commander BOWERS has been detached from the naval rendezvous at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and ordered to command the receiving ship *Vandalia*.

Commander LEROY has been ordered to command the sloop of war *Oneida*.

Lieutenant-Commander E. P. WILLIAMS has been detached from the *Powhatan* and ordered to command the *Huron*.

Lieutenant-Commander CHARLES E. FLEMING has received preparatory orders to command the *Sagamore*.

Lieutenant-Commander ROBERT BOYD has been detached from the receiving ship at Boston and ordered to the *Powhatan*.

Lieutenant-Commander F. K. LEWIS has been detached from the command of the *Itaska*, and ordered to Baltimore on special duty.

Lieutenant-Commander GEORGE BROWN has been ordered to the command of the *Itaska*.

Lieutenant WILLIAM B. CUSHING has been detached from the command of the *Shockokon*, and ordered to the command of the *Monticello*.

The Navy Department has received information of the killing at Natchez of Acting Master R. A. TURNER, commanding the United States steamer *Curlew*, by Major M'KEE, the Provost Marshal of that city. A commission to investigate the matter relieved the Marshal from all blame.

Captain JOHN SAUNDERS, of the Sixty-ninth New York regiment, who was recently reported to have been court-martialed and deprived of one month's pay, for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," was honorably discharged on June 12, in consequence of the consolidation of his company.

Captain JOHN L. BROOME, of the United States flag-ship *Hartford*, late in command of the marines of the Gulf squadron, has been ordered to report for duty at the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn.

The soldiers of the Third Army Corps are preparing to give General SICKLES a magnificent reception on his return to his duties. Over five thousand dollars have already been subscribed for the purpose.

Brigadier-General BEAL and a number of other rebel officers passed through Cairo on 1st inst. *en route* to Johnson's Island, in charge of Lieutenant WRIGHT.

The Louisville *Journal* tells a good story at the expense of a colonel who was dismissed from the service on charges of disloyalty. The colonel appealed to President LINCOLN, and after a long talk the latter, apparently convinced of his loyalty, proposed to make him a brigadier-general, providing he would submit to a certain test. To this the officer gladly acceded, when, much to his chagrin, Mr. LINCOLN proposed to give him the command of a negro brigade. The brave colonel "didn't see it."

Colonel Commandant JOHN HARRIS, of the Marine Corps, has returned from his annual tour of inspection to the marine barracks of the different naval stations, and is now at head-quarters in this city. Captain ALLAN RAMSAY has been detached from United States sloop *Richmond*, and ordered to command at the Washington barracks. There are at present four vacancies in the Marine Corps, which will be filled by appointment by the Secretary of the Navy before the convening of Congress. This is a splendid service for young men of military taste and education desirous of seeing the world.

Captain LEVY, recently arrested and consigned to the Old Capitol prison, has been released, and is now making an investigation of the charges alleged against him.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CAPTURE OF KNOXVILLE.

OFFICIAL dispatches received in Washington state that General Burnside has captured Knoxville, East Tennessee, his cavalry having entered the place about the 4th inst. At Kingston the rebels did not show much fight but fell back, and finally retreated. There were several skirmishes on the way to Knoxville, the most severe of which was at Lodan, at which place the rebels were routed with considerable loss. General Burnside's losses during the advance have been trifling.

### THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The monotony of the siege operations at Charleston was varied by a general engagement on the 1st inst., between the iron-clads and Forts Sumter, Wagner, and Moultrie, in which much damage was done to the forts. During the action Fleet Captain Oscar C. Badger, the successor of Captain Rodgers, had his leg broken by a shell, and it was thought that amputation would be necessary. At latest accounts four Monitors had gone up to renew the action, and were nearly abreast of Sumter. General Gilmore's land batteries, meantime, were firing night and day. The bombardment of the city had not been resumed.

### THE LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

We give the following, from rebel sources:

CHARLESTON, *September* 5, 1863.

To-day has witnessed another furious bombardment of Forts Wagner and Gregg by the enemy's fleet and land batteries. The firing was begun at daylight, and was maintained steadily until dark. A Monitor is now firing at Fort Moultrie. Another assault on Battery Wagner is deemed not improbable to-night.

Since yesterday no further attack has been made on brick-built Sumter, which has been held twenty days against all the efforts of the enemy's great guns by land and sea. Of 7551 shots which have been fired at it 3495 have struck outside and 2130 inside. The flag has been shot away fourteen times. The orders against exposure having been rigidly enforced, our casualties were few.

CHARLESTON, *September* 6—9 30 A.M.

The bombardment of Batteries Wagner and Gregg has been incessant for the last fifty-two hours. The noise of the cannonade is tremendous.

Last night the enemy landed near Cumming's Point, in barges, and assaulted Battery Gregg. The assault was repulsed. No particulars have been received.

### GENERAL ROSECRANS'S POSITION.

A dispatch from General Rosecrans's army, dated the 2d inst., states that the army was then well across the Tennessee, and occupied a strong position several miles south of the river, no resistance to the crossing having been shown by the rebels. Reconnoissances to Trenton, Georgia, had failed to discover any rebels, and the report was that they were intrenched to the eastward of Chattanooga.

### THE WAR IN ARKANSAS.

The following dispatch has been received from General Fisk:

PILOT KNOB, *Wednesday, Sept.* 2.

*To Major-General Schofield:*

A deserter from Burbridge's command reports that our forces attacked Price on the 25th at Brownsville and Bayou Metre. "Old Pap's" forces were driven back across Arkansas River on Wednesday forenoon last. The entire rebel force was in full retreat, Steele and Davidson hotly pursuing them, and shelling the fleeing rebels. Hundreds are deserting. Marmaduke's command was wholly routed and scattered. Little Rock was within the grasp of the Federal army.

The people of Arkansas, north of White River, are praising God for the prospective deliverance from the Jeff Davis despotism. C. B. FISK, Brigadier-General.

### THE PURSUIT.

The forces of Generals Steele and Davidson are still pursuing the rebels in the vicinity of the White River. A dispatch from Memphis on the 5th says that General Davidson drove the enemy, seven thousand strong, across the Bayou Metre bridge, on the 28th ult., killing and wounding one hundred and capturing two hundred. The rebels burned the bridge over the bayou in their retreat.

### CHANGES OF COMMANDERS.

Reports from Memphis are to the effect that Generals Grant and Thomas have gone to New Orleans; that General Grant will command all the Mississippi region, and that General Banks will go to Texas.

### DEMORALIZATION OF THE REBELS.

A correspondent with the Army of the Cumberland, in a recent letter, gives additional and most interesting evidence on the subject of discontent in the South, both in and out of the rebel armies. Desertion is no longer confined to solitary individuals, but large masses of men only wait for an opportunity to quit a service which they loathe. From reliable information it would appear that 5000 men have taken refuge in the mountains of Georgia alone, successfully resisting all the force that the authorities can bring against them. As every man the Confederates can raise is needed to oppose our troops, it will be well-nigh impossible for them to disperse the refugees, whose numbers will continue to increase as the cause of the Confederacy becomes more desperate.

### CONSTERNATION AMONG THE BORDER RUFFIANS.

The utmost consternation and alarm prevail in the border counties of Missouri, in consequence of the orders of General Ewing, and the threatened invasion from Kansas. General Ewing's order required all the inhabitants in Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties to abandon their homes, and assemble at certain specified posts by the 9th of September; and directed that all hay left in those counties should be burned. At the same time it is announced that General Lane will enter Missouri with a force on the 9th of September. There is a general conviction that Independence, the most important town in Jackson County, is to be plundered and reduced to ashes. The moneys of the bank at that place have been removed to St. Louis for safety. The records of the three counties, Jackson, Bates, and Cass, have also been removed to prevent their destruction. General Schofield, with his staff, left St. Louis on Monday for the border, to give his personal attention to affairs there, and to inaugurate energetic measures for ridding that region of the brigands under Quantrell.

### ANOTHER COLORED REGIMENT AT WORK.

Major-General Blunt, in his official report of the battle of Honey Springs, Arkansas, says the First Kansas colored regiment particularly distinguished themselves. They fought like veterans, and preserved their line unbroken throughout the engagement. Their coolness and bravery I have never seen surpassed. They were in the hottest of the fight and opposed to Texan troops twice their number, whom they completely routed. The Twentieth Texas regiment, which fought against them, went into the fight with 300 men and came out with only 60.

### GOVERNOR JOHNSON FOR ABOLITION.

On 5th inst. Governor Johnson addressed a Union meeting in Nashville, Tennessee, taking strong ground in favor of immediate emancipation. He declared Slavery to be the source and cause of all our troubles, and said that he was opposed to compromise with it.

### AN APPEAL FROM THE POPE.

Pope Pius the Ninth has addressed an apostolic letter to Archbishop Hughes on the subject of the rebellion and war in America. He advocates peace, and calls on the Archbishop to use his most strenuous endeavors to bring about that result. The Pope advises a conference with the associate bishops of the Archbishop, and announces that he had forwarded a similar circular to the Archbishop of New Orleans, counseling him to confer with Archbishop Hughes on the subject.

### THE CALIFORNIA ELECTION.

The California election has resulted in the complete triumph of the Union State ticket. It is believed that Low's majority for Governor, notwithstanding the popularity of Downey, the Democratic candidate, will not fall short of 20,000.

### UNION STATE NOMINATIONS.

The following nominations, for the State Ticket, were made at the Union State Convention held last week at Syracuse:

*For Secretary of State*.......... PETER A. PORTER.
*For Controller*.................. THOS. W. OLCOTT.
*For Attorney-General*............ JOHN COCHRANE.
*For State Treasurer*............. GEO. W. SCHUYLER.
*For Judge of Appeals*............ HENRY R. SELDEN.
*For Canal Commissioner*.......... BENJ. F. BRUCE.
*For State Engineer*.............. W. B. TAYLOR.
*For Inspector of Prisons*........ JAMES K. BATES.

### M'CLELLAN'S REPORTS.

The *Herald* says: "Well informed parties allege that General M'Clellan's report was only received at the Adjutant-General's Department three weeks ago, and that it will take one man many months to read it and its accompanying documents with the attention it deserves. It will occupy when printed three large quarto volumes, with charts, diagrams, etc. For its publication a large Congressional appropriation will be requisite. The Secretary of War has not yet had time to read it, but is about instituting a committee of officers, to be presided over by Major-General David Hunter, who will be charged with the duty of reading it, and reporting as to whether or not it shall be published as an official document."

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

#### THE NEW REBEL RAMS.

THE rebel iron rams at Liverpool are described as of enormous strength, turreted, and furnished with every protection for the gunners. One of them was off the stocks, and had taken some guns on board. This is probably the one which was reported to have sailed. It is said, however, that one was to sail on the 27th of August. The English Government and people were becoming alarmed at the breaches of international law which they had already sanctioned in this connection.

#### ENGLAND ALARMED AT HER NEW NAVAL DOCTRINE.

The following extract is from the London *Times* of August 28:

* * * We hold and acknowledge it unlawful to equip vessels of war for the use of a belligerent, we being neutrals, and yet every cruiser in the service of the Southern States has been, as a matter of fact, sent to sea from the ports of this country. It is not the fault of the Government, as the case of the *Alexandra* sufficiently proved; but there must clearly be a fault somewhere, when we see the spirit of the law evaded, and things done which we would rather see left undone, and which our own national interests call upon us to stop.

We admit that the case is exceptional. It turns, in fact, upon the passionate and overruling determination with which the Federals are enforcing a prodigious blockade. To this one momentous object they have devoted their whole naval resources, and have thrown the police of the seas upon us. If their squadrons were not so busy on the sea-board of the Southern States matters would not have been managed so easily in the Mersey and the Clyde; nor would the *Florida* be quietly hovering about the Channel to pick up her new consorts on their coming out. As it is, this kind of trade is left undisturbed, and the Federals, instead of snapping up the would-be cruisers on their first appearance, complain of us for allowing them to appear at all. Just lately they have ordered the construction of six powerful iron steamers expressly for the purpose of patroling the seas; and if this new squadron should not be abruptly diverted to Charleston or Norfolk we should soon hear less of the *Alabama* and her doings. Hitherto the Southerners have been left with this field of action entirely to themselves, and so profitable have they found it that they have recently proposed to throw their whole energies into the work. In that event we might see such an extension given to the trade in question as could hardly be tolerated.

It is a hard thing to say, perhaps, that we may sell a hundred thousand rifles or a whole cargo of gunpowder to a belligerent, and yet not a ship's hull: but we can only add that some such distinction is actually recognized, and that it is not our interest to invalidate it. We ourselves have maintained it as well as the Americans. During the Crimean war we addressed a protest to the Washington Government on the subject of a vessel believed to be destined for Russian use, and the Americans listened to us. When they, again, the other day, protested on the subject of the *Alexandra*, we listened to them, and did our best to detect an alleged breach of law. On both sides, therefore, it is felt that neutrals should not supply belligerents with vessels of war; and yet a Confederate cruiser is said to be somewhere in British waters awaiting the appearance of her new consorts at a rendezvous. Can this be right? We think not. It is not a question of sympathy at all, but a question of law, and, we may once more add, of British interests. If we were unhappily plunged again into war we might soon find reason to wish that we had supported with greater zeal the representations of the Federals in the matter of these Southern cruisers.

#### THE BRITISH PIRATE "FLORIDA."

The *Florida* had captured and burned the ship *Anglo-Saxon*, loaded with coal, bound from Liverpool for New York, on the 21st ult., only thirty miles southeast of Kinsale, she being in charge of a Channel pilot at the time. It was uncertain what disposition had been made of the crew.

### SPAIN.

#### SHE DECLINES TO RECOGNIZE THE CONFEDERACY.

The Richmond Government had made a pressing appeal to the Spanish Government to obtain recognition of the Confederate States, offering to guarantee to Spain the possession of Cuba and Porto Rico. The Spanish Government declined.

### MEXICO.

#### RUMORED DECLINATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

The Mexican question is assuming new and interesting phases. An American protest in regard to the French proceedings in Mexico, it was believed, would be presented to the French Emperor during the current week. There is a likelihood, also, that the Mexican throne may not, after all, be accepted by Maximilian. The King of the Belgians recommends him to insist upon certain conditions, which are equivalent to a refusal; and it is understood that the Imperial family at Vienna are resolved that his acceptance must be followed by a renunciation of all his political rights as a scion of the House of Austria.

### TURKEY.

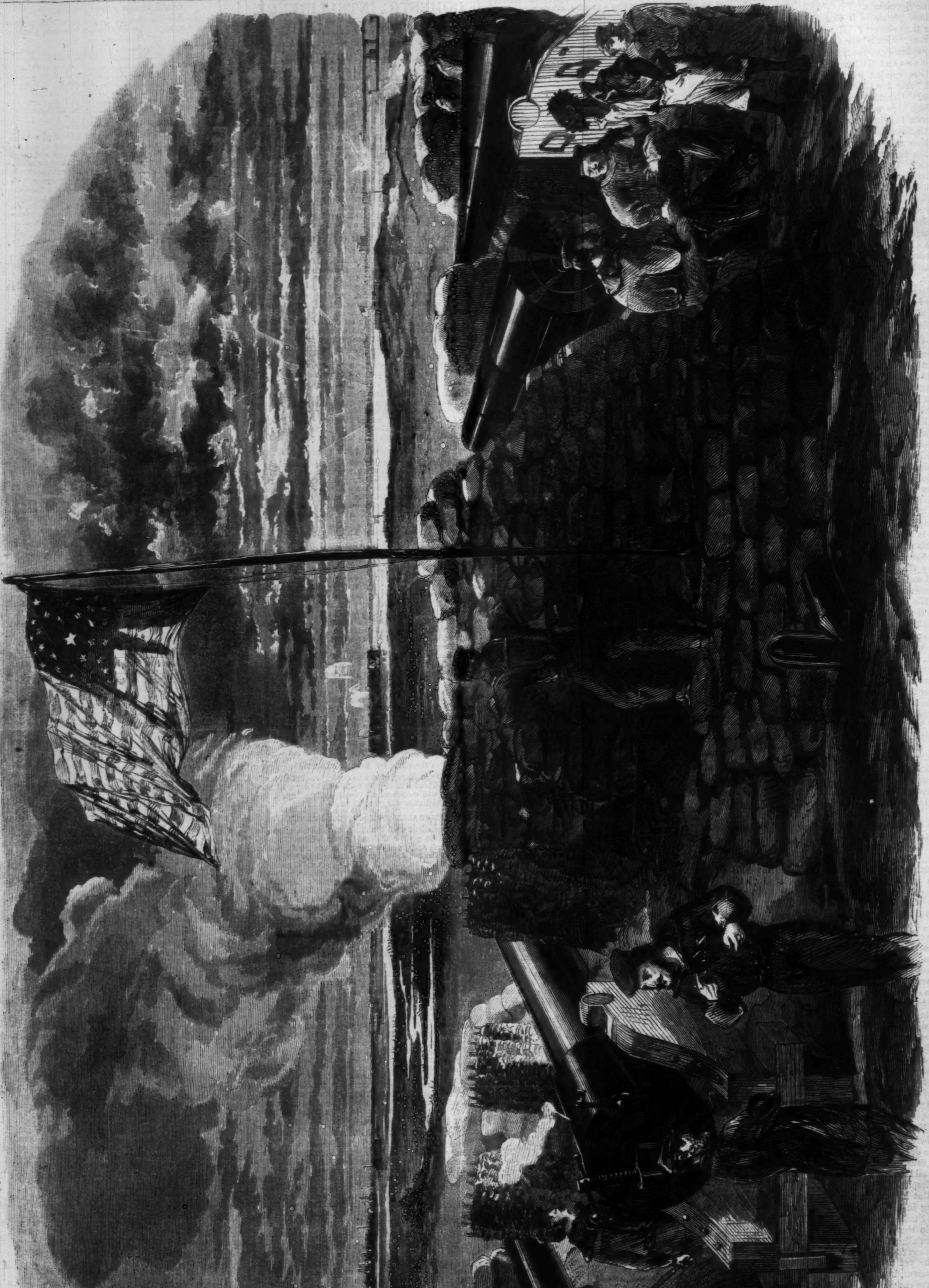
#### BURNING OF THE SERAGLIO.

The Turkish seraglio was recently burned to the ground, and an exciting scene occurred during the conflagration among the three hundred women, over one hundred eunuchs, and some hundred servants who inhabited it.

### JAPAN.

#### ATTACK ON AMERICAN AND BRITISH VESSELS.

News from Japan, of a highly important character, to the 24th of July, is received by way of San Francisco. Actual hostilities between the Japanese and the Treaty Powers had commenced. On the 15th of July an English ship, bound from Nargasadi to Kanagawa by an inland passage, was fired upon by Japanese forts and vessels, which had previously fired upon the American ship *Pembroke*. She was much injured, and had four men killed and six wounded. Subsequently the American steamer *Wyoming* visited the place to punish the Japanese for firing upon the *Pembroke*. She blew up one Japanese steamer and sunk another, and silenced nearly all the neighboring forts. She received twenty shots, and had five men killed and six wounded. The forts were afterward attacked by two British war-vessels, and after a bombardment a detachment of British troops were landed, who destroyed the fortifications and an adjacent village. The Japanese showed very little fight.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE MORNING CALL TO THE REBELS.—Sketched from the Naval Battery by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 603.]

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE REBELS' LAST DEVICE IN THE TORPEDO LINE.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TORPEDO BURIED IN THE SAND.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE SWAMP ANGEL.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

## "ONE IN A THOUSAND."

Roses, roses, oh! brilliant and bright
In the gorgeous month of June,
Raising your blushing queenly heads
In the glare of summer noon.

There are roses crimson, roses red,
Roses of amber hue,
Gazing with upturned loveliness
On heaven's deep azure blue.

Stately in presence, dazzling in tint,
Shaming the setting sun,
From the rounded cup of the open flower
To the bud but scarce begun.

Too bright are ye in your conscious pride,
And your wealth of summer hue;
No bond, no tie, could ever unite
This weary heart and you.

There's a little rose, by a little house,
On a little plot of ground,
Whose every root and every branch
Around my heart is wound.

'Tis a fair small thing of tender pink—
With no flaunting crimson dye—
And a world of sunny sweetness looks
From out its modest eye.

Unseen, maybe, by many who pass,
And known, perhaps, by few—
Oh! little rose, thou know'st full well
The tie betwixt me and you.

Oh! roses brilliant, and roses bright,
All lovely though ye be,
That little rose by the little house
Is the only rose for me!

## SOPHIE'S RIBBON.

"You know him? Be careful, mon cher, for my sake if not for your own, how you acknowledge such a dangerous acquaintance as that in Nevskoi in broad day."

And I felt my young Russian companion wince and start as we walked, arm in arm, from the Noble Club, of which, like the other attachés of our embassy, I was of course free. The person whose salute I had just acknowledged was still in sight—a tall, well-dressed man of about thirty, with a pale keen face, brilliant dark eyes, and a long mustache.

"Know him? To be sure I do," was my reply. "In the name of all that's mysterious, Galitzin, what can be the harm of knowing the chevalier—I think that is on his card—yes, the Chevalier Gliska, nephew, or cousin, or something, to the old Prince Leczinzka, at whose palace I have seen you a dozen times, waltzing as only the Guard can waltz."

But the young baron, who was generally gay enough, would not consent to make a jest of this occurrence, but muttered something about my "English imprudence," and soon afterward left me. It was not easy to guess the cause of the young Guardsman's evident nervousness, or to comprehend what particular peril there could be in knowing the chevalier, respecting whom I now began to feel some natural curiosity. Of his antecedents I knew very little, but that little was in his favor. He had been much abroad, was reputed to be clever and well-read, and the few words which we had exchanged at any time had given me the impression that he was agreeable. Yet Galitzin, who had been very kind and familiar with me ever since my arrival at the legation, seemed to shrink from even mentioning the stigma that attached to the chevalier.

It was from the chancellor at our embassy, a quiet, good-humored old man, with a taste for gossip, and a memory for St. Petersburg small-talk dating from the peace of '15, that I heard the truth.

"Gliska! Gliska!" said the old Scotchman, taking a pinch of snuff to refresh his recollection; "yes, to be sure! the young man, Demetrius Gliska, is some relation to the old Princess Leczinzka, and was in the imperial service. Your friend's right. You had best fight shy of him, Mr. Acton."

"But why? Does he cheat at cards? Or has he a turn for what the doctors call homicidal monomania?"

"Nothing of the sort," answered the chancellor; "he's just a 'suspect,' and that's the whole of it; he's one of the black sheep of the political flock, that all the rest, and chiefly such gay young birkies as your friend Galitzin, are fearfu' to rub shoulders with. To be sure, he's a Pole, and can't be blamed for what he does in behalf of his down-trodden country; but, man, he's sairly frowned upon by the powers that be."

On further pressing, Mr. Campbell informed me that the chevalier, who had once held a commission in the army, had been arrested on suspicion of a share in some conspiracy. He was found not guilty; but being unable to clear himself wholly in the eyes of government, had been compelled to serve as a private for three years in the Caucasus; had quitted Russia at the end of this term; and, after a long exile, had lately been permitted to return at the intercession of his powerful relatives. He was still under considerable suspicion, and it was more than rumored that his presence in the capital was due to his desire to render aid in some widely-spread plot for the enfranchisement of Poland and its imperfectly Russianized dependencies.

"If they catch him tripping, woe be to the lad," said old Campbell, oracularly; "he'll be lucky if he gets off with Eastern Siberia and airmine trapping for the rest of his days; more likely the mines or the knout, if the Czar's ministers happen to be specially ill-humored, or specially frightened, when the bubble bursts."

The old chancellor had seen so many abortive plots, painfully planned, warily kept, collapse in the miserable ruin of the plotters, that he had got to regard the Russian government as conspiracy proof. This was peculiarly true as regarded the Polish aristocracy, many of whose chief families were understood to reside at St. Petersburg rather as hostages than as courtiers, though never venturing to absent themselves from the imperial presence-chamber on ceremonious occasions. Among these were the Leczinzkas; the old prince and princess; their grandson, heir to the extensive estates in Lithuania and the government of Warsaw; and their grand-daughter, Sophie Leczinzka. The prince himself was a gentle, genial old man, with a taste for numismatics. I do not believe that his patriotism ever went beyond a mild sentiment in favor of a free and prosperous Poland. The princess, who had been a famous beauty in her day, was kind and hospitable, but not by any means capable of dabbling in political intrigues; while the grandson was as yet so young, and so heedfully kept under the eye of a tutor recommended by the Czar himself, that he could scarcely have imbibed any "revolutionary" ideas. Still, whoever was lord of the Leczinzka lands, and of the influence attached to the great name of that illustrious race, was esteemed worth watching by the authorities.

The family had not always been so passive. The prince's eldest son, a high-spirited young man, had shared in the last disastrous revolt of the Poles, and died, in captivity, of wounds received in the defeat of Ostrolenka. His young widow had soon followed him to the grave, leaving Alexis and Sophie, the one an infant, the other a girl eight years of age, to the care of their grand-parents. And the second son, who had long wandered, an exile, from country to country, had died far from his home and friends. All this happened long ago, and the Leczinzkas, if still watched, were smiled upon at court. Their entertainments were among the most splendid at St. Petersburg, and the foreign residents, in especial, met with the most kindly reception there.

Sophie Leczinzka was a beautiful dark-haired girl, in the early bloom of a loveliness that gave promise of becoming queenly and majestic at a later period; but just then she was a bright-eyed young creature, simple and frank of manner, and more like an English maiden than the languid Russian damsels around her. Indeed, Sophie, by far the cleverest of the household, was also the most national. It was her pride to be a Pole; she loved to sing Polish songs, and to listen to Polish stories; and I remember her pretty sorrow, half sad, half petulant, when her grandmother absolutely forbade her appearing at the empress's masquerade in the high cap, velvet jacket, and gold-braided vest of the old Sarmatian pattern.

It is not surprising that I, who was most heartily made welcome at the Leczinzka palace, on the strength of some intimacy in long-past times between the old prince and a relation of my own, should have become attached, and deeply so, to the beautiful Polish girl, but the wonder should rather be that my suit received the sanction of Sophie's guardians and kindred. For an attaché, even though tolerably well off, to aspire to such a match would have seemed idle in most cases, since even in their hour of captivity there is no prouder nobility than that of Poland, and a Leczinzka might, as I well knew, reasonably expect to ally herself with some man of rank much more brilliant than mine. It must, however, be remembered that Sophie was no heiress, since the estates were strictly entailed, and I was at that time understood to be the next inheritor of a considerable property in England. Whatever the cause, so the matter stood. I was regarded in the household as actually betrothed to Sophie. There had been no formal troth-plight; still less had any time been fixed for our marriage, which, indeed, the princess desired to defer for a year or two on account of her grandchild's youth, and her own reluctance to be parted from her, but the affair was no secret.

And Sophie? With all my wish to relate calmly and fairly what occurred, I can not, even at this distance of time, be certain as to what were her feelings. Perhaps she herself did not realize their nature. She certainly did not dislike me. She had merely looked down, with a timid blush and smile, when the old princess bade her look upon me as her future husband. Her lips had never ratified the tacit consent thus given, nor is this expected in a continental country, and especially in a rank so elevated.

Gliska, being in some way related to the princess, and having been brought up in the Leczinzka mansion in Poland, was often to be met in the family circle, where he was always welcome. He had been a ward of the old nobleman's, having been early left an orphan, and both the prince and princess had a regard for him, which was probably in great measure the result of habit. Nothing could be more unlike than the bent of the ex-guardian's mind and that of his former charge. The kind white-headed master of the house had a soft easy nature, that shrank from disagreeable or painful topics, and a narrow, though cultivated intellect. He had traveled much, had many foreign friends, and loved to recall by-gone intimacies among the wits and statesmen of the West. His correspondence, his French novels, and his curious cabinet of rare coins and medals, filled up his leisure fully. The chevalier, on the other hand, was calm and thoughtful, rather silent, but evidently not from lack of thoughts. When he did speak, it was always in well-chosen words, and with a certain suppressed fire and eloquence that told of great powers undeveloped.

I could not exactly make out on what footing Gliska stood with reference to Sophie Leczinzka. They were cousins. Sophie, as a child, had been used to look up to the tall play-fellow so much older and wiser than herself—nothing would have been more reasonable than that they should have been on the same terms as brother and sister. Yet Gliska seemed to me rather to avoid his pretty cousin than otherwise, and Sophie rarely mentioned his name. There were times when I could not help feeling a thrill of jealous suspicion, as a vague idea dawned in my mind that this apparent indifference, on Gliska's part at any rate, was mere feigning. But such impressions were always fugitive, and were not long able to disturb my peace.

I was one night at a ball at the Gortschakoff palace, and happened to stand close to the open door of a card-room, where the whist-players, ignorant of my proximity, were chatting of the Leczinzkas and their prospects. One of them asked, carelessly, whether there had not once been some talk of a match between the chevalier and his beautiful cousin? Involuntarily I listened for the reply, which was as indifferently spoken as the question had been:

"Why, yes, there *was* such a plan. The old princess, who has a match-making turn, like most of your ex-beauties—your deal, general!—was eager about it long before mademoiselle was out of the nursery. But then came the coup, and the lad's lands were confiscated, and himself packed off to carry a musket against Schamyl in the Caucasus—so there was an end of the matter—cut the cards, marshal, if you please."

"But the chevalier is pardoned," observed a cracked female voice across the table.

"True, madame; but poor—poor as Job; and not only penniless, but compromised. No, no, the English fellow is a better *parti*, though I should not wonder if Sophie preferred the 'suspect.' Women are problems, madame."

In the midst of the laugh that succeeded I moved away with tingling ears. A glance at Sophie's face, as she sat in the centre of a blooming group of girls of her own age, prattling of dances and their partners, made me ashamed of my suspicion. If ever candor sat enthroned on a fair forehead, surely, surely it was manifest on hers. I approached, and she greeted me with a bright smile, as I asked if she had been charitable enough to keep an early dance for me.

"You are too late, M. Charles; my poor little book is terribly full of names! I have promised to dance with Rogamoff, and Oginski, and your great friend Baron Galitzin of the Guard, and oh, so many more!"

"And with your cousin, Chevalier Gliska?" I asked the question in apparent playfulness, but I suppose there was something harsh and hostile in my tone, in spite of myself, which grated on the quick ear of a woman, for Sophie glanced rapidly at me with the look of a frightened fawn.

"No!" she said, and her lip trembled slightly as she spoke.

Vexed with myself for my own unjust peevishness, I tried to make amends, and so far succeeded that Sophie recovered her cheerful composure, and accorded me a waltz. It was in one of the pauses in that giddy whirl, in the midst of light and glitter, the sparkle and gleam of gold epaulets and jeweled head-gear, and the dying fall of the music, that Sophie suddenly turned her eyes on mine, and said, with abrupt frankness:

"M. Charles, avow that you are jealous of my poor cousin Demetrius, and that you hate him."

I forget what I answered in my surprise, but I know that Sophie contrived to convey to me the impression that she had a sisterly affection for the companion of her childhood; that she regretted his misfortunes, and admired his patriotism; that she was only anxious to see him safe from future perils, and once more in the good graces of the Russian government.

"Poor Demetrius! I can not forget, dear M. Charles, how good and patient he was to me when I was a spoiled, sickly child, full of fancies and hard to please. Poor Demetrius has suffered so much for our afflicted country. I, as you know, am a rebel at heart; I hate the Muscovites—I hope that frightful Colonel Annenkoff heard that last remark—but I can do so safely, because I am too young and weak to be dangerous to the Czar. It is different for a man. You should not be jealous or cross, M. Charles, because I wish to prevent poor Demetrius from ending his days in Siberia."

I said something about her cousin's security, since his pardon, unless he were rash enough to enter into fresh intrigues against the emperor. I spoke with more constraint and coldness than would otherwise have been the case, because I saw Gliska leaning against a pillar, at a distance, and regarding us with a peculiar look of watchful interest. When his eyes met mine he seemed to shrink back, and was soon lost in the glittering crowd of guests.

That night, as our sledges went whirling over the hard-beaten snow of the streets, there was a great bustle and confusion, and the startled horses were sharply checked by the rein and thrown on their haunches in front of a double rank of soldiers drawn up across the principal thoroughfares. A harsh voice bade the drivers halt, and a number of policemen, accompanied by several officers muffled in gray watch-coats, went round from carriage to carriage, throwing the red glare of a lantern on the faces of the belated guests of the prince-minister, and asking with polished but imperious courtesy the names of those present, which were entered hastily in a book. There was much shouting and lashing of whips, plunging of frightened horses, and screaming of terrified ladies, as the mass of vehicles came to an abrupt halt, but some of the old residents took the matter very coolly.

"The first time this year!" said the senior attaché, who had taken a seat in my carriage; "I began to wonder if the police had gone to sleep. Two years ago I remember four such stoppages in a single winter. I wonder if they'll make many captions to-night?"

And I, who had been but eight months in St. Petersburg, learned with some surprise that the favorite time for the secret police to select for a razzia against the innumerable plotters, Russian or Polish, was that of some great festivity or public reception. Half the conspiracies of the empire were hatched, my informant said, in the saloons of the higher aristocracy, under the very noses of the emperor and his ministers; and the best paid and most valuable spies were those who, from their rank and position, could enter such assemblies without provoking remark or distrust. No doubt something had transpired at the prince-minister's ball which had aroused the vigilance of the lynx-eyed prefect of police, and hence the impediment to our progress homeward.

The explanation had got to this point when a plotnik said civilly to our driver that he might "go on as fast as he liked," at the same time taking off his hat and extending his open palm significantly. My companion dropped a few kopecks into it, and the man bowed low as he suffered us to pass by him and strike off by a side-street to the Admiralty quay.

"They have caught their birds, no doubt!" said the more experienced senior attaché, treating the whole affair as a thing of course.

The next day we heard vague rumors of detections and arrests, some said of many, others of only one or two persons. When I called, next morning, at the Leczinzka palace, I found the old prince nervous and irritable, the princess agitated, and Sophie not to be seen. She had a frightful headache, her grandmother said, and was too unwell to leave her chamber. No doubt the heat and crush of the Gortschakoff assembly—those official people gave such shocking balls, where you were squeezed and elbowed by all the ill-mannered Tchinn in Russia—had been too much for the poor dear child. But it was not on Sophie's account that her grandparents were so ill at ease. It was on Gliska's. Gliska had not returned to his lodgings on the previous night. His servant, alarmed at the non-arrival of his master, had come early to the palace to ask for news concerning him. One of the Leczinzka chasseurs had seen the prisoners of the night before led away to the Conciergerie, and was sure, or nearly sure, that one of them was the missing chevalier.

I heard this news with mixed feelings. An Englishman's instinct always rises in arms against an act of arbitrary oppression; and the arrest of the night before had in it something of cat-like and Oriental stealthiness that was peculiarly odious. But I had an uneasy distrust of the chevalier, a smouldering jealousy which I tried to trample down, and I could not help feeling a vague sense of relief.

However, while I was copying a précis in the attaché's room at the embassy that afternoon, old Mr. Campbell came in, chuckling and rubbing his hands.

"Yon fine conspeeracy has just turned out a mere flash in the pan—a mare's-nest of the police," said he. "The chaps are set free, Gliska and the rest of them. Their captivity was over by lunch-time."

"Then there was no real plot, after all?" I asked, looking up from my writing.

"I canna tell," said the cautious Scot, shaking his head as he took a fresh pinch of high-dried; "the thing broke down for want of evidence—a verdict of not proven, as we say in the North. They say the Emperor had Gliska taken into his own cabinet, and questioned him there, but couldna cross-examine much out of the close fellow. And the story goes that his Majesty said, in a loud voice, before the aid-de-camp, 'You may go, chevalier, but be careful how you give me the right to punish!' Nicholas is ill to thwart. He likes contradiction even less than conspeeracy; so I'd advise M. Gliska to heed his steps in future."

Gliska had, in effect, been set at liberty, and I met him that evening, calm and elegant as ever, at the Leczinzka mansion. He said very little about the exciting events of the night, or the formidable interview of the morning, but talked pleasantly on general topics. Sophie was present, having fortunately recovered from her headache, but she was silent and thoughtful, and I fancied that I detected a glance of intelligence once or twice between her cousin and herself. But I soon felt convinced that I was mistaken. Gliska paid no sort of attention to Sophie. He addressed her rarely, and never with any particular show of interest; indeed, he spoke less to her than to her brother, a pale, sleepy-eyed stripling, whose Russian tutor was his inseparable Mentor and companion.

The noise the arrest had made in St. Petersburg society soon died away, and the usual round of gayeties went on, as if Siberia and the knout, plots and disaffection, had been myths. My own prospects unexpectedly improved. The relative to whose estate I was heir of entail, and whom I had never seen, since he had lived in morose seclusion, died, and I found myself rich enough to lead an idle life. An idle life was not my choice, however, and at about the same time that I succeeded to this inheritance I seemed likely to rise in my professional career. Certain promotions and retirements had taken place among the diplomatists, in consequence of which I was promised the post of senior attaché at one of the Southern courts as soon as the present occupant should vacate it: which would probably be in early summer.

Fortified by this intelligence, I was encouraged to renew, or rather to press, my suit for Sophie's hand: the old prince standing my friend in the affair, the princess's objections to parting with her grand-daughter were by degrees overruled. As for Sophie's consent, that was rather assumed than asked for. Her grandfather blessed her and stroked her raven hair as caressingly as if she had been a child for whom some holiday treat was in preparation; her grandmother cried as she pressed her darling in her arms, and dilated on the happiness of her future life and the splendors of her prospective trousseau. It was settled that Sophie and I were to be married soon after Easter; that in the mean time milliners, lawyers, and jewelers were to be busy in providing laces, diamonds, and deeds

of settlement; and that all was to go merry as a marriage-bell.

In all this arrangement the bride elect's part seemed a curiously passive one. Sophie Leczinzka neither ratified nor rejected the engagement which her nearest relations had thought fit to conclude on her account; she listened submissively to all the prince and princess chose to say on the subject, kissed their wrinkled hands in the ancient Polish fashion in sign of obedience, made me a formal courtesy, and left the room with downcast eyes and something like a smothered sob. After that Sophie always seemed to shrink from me; her spirits grew variable, her cheek thinner, her manner graver and more thoughtful. I ought to have read the lesson thus mutely conveyed; but I was willfully blind to it, and lent too ready an ear to the assurances of the old folks that Sophie's manner was merely the result of girlish timidity and a deep sense of duty. The aged princess, in especial, was confident that her grandchild esteemed me quite as highly as could be expected from "a young person bien élèvée."

I must not, the old lady said, judge of the sentiments of a Polish girl as if she were a "Meess Anglaise."

Gliska's conduct left no room for fault-finding. He wished me joy, as the phrase goes, politely, but with no affectation of heartiness. Indeed we had never been intimate, though I had been at first disposed to like him well enough; but there was something dark and inscrutable in his bearing and disposition, very unusual among his rash, chivalrous countrymen. Perhaps the wretched years of degradation and suffering during which he had been a soldier in the Caucasus, and from any reference to which he always shrank, had changed his character. He often reminded me of the traditional Italians of the Middle Ages: such Italian as Macchiavelli knew, and Shakspeare painted.

He and I now met less frequently than before. He did not often spend his evenings at the Leczinzka palace, excusing himself on the score of pressing business, and throwing out hints which seemed to indicate that he was importuning the Imperial Chancellerie for the restoration of his forfeited estates. The old prince, always good-natured, in spite of his indolence and frivolous habits, offered his interest at court, and Gliska gratefully accepted the proffer. He seemed preoccupied in his mind, and there were new lines of care on his forehead, and a harassed look in his bold keen eyes; but he treated Sophie with the same indifferent good-humor as before.

One day, when I was driving out of the city with one of the French attachés, young Dumanoir, to whom the sledge belonged, and who was not a little vain of his heavy apron of Astracan fur, and of the spirit and beauty of his gallant horses with their silver bells, we had an unexpected rencounter. We had made a short cut through the wretched suburbs inhabited by the tshernoi narod, or "black people," as the ill-fed poor of St. Petersburg are called, and were striking across toward the broad drive on the bank of the Neva, when we spun round a corner, and nearly ran over a group of four men in earnest cônverse. They started with evident alarm and vexation as they caught sight of us in that unfrequented quarter; and we on our part were surprised to see them, for more incongruous companions could scarcely have met together.

The party consisted of a young Russian in black clothes, wearing a scrap of colored ribbon at his button-hole, and who was some government clerk or other member of the privileged bureaucracy of the empire; of a sergeant in the Guards, trim and smart in his well-fitting uniform; of a long-bearded grizzled peasant, in a torn caftan and sheep-skin boots; and of—Gliska. We nodded to him—the Frenchman and I—but he was too much startled to return the salute, and his pale face flushed like hot iron as we dashed by.

"What an odd quartette!" said I.

"Very!" said Dumanoir, dryly, knitting his black eyebrows; then he thawed into a laugh of unfeigned mirth, as he said, "I never saw rats so neatly caught! You are too guileless and unsuspicious, my dear colleague, for such a métier as our rascally one of diplomacy. We catch a Polish noble, whose very name is as wormwood in the emperor's august mouth, conferring with his friends in this delightful and civilized quarter; and those friends are a discontented sergeant, a sulky Raskolnik, and a hungry understrapper of some government bureau; and you wonder at their confusion on being seen by us! Foi de Dumanoir! My chief would never forgive me if I omitted to inform him of what will be welcome news to his Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French."

I could not but own that there was something suspicious in the affair, though I with some trouble extorted from Dumanoir a promise that he would not mention what we had seen to any other than his embassador: unwilling as I was that the Leczinzka family should be annoyed by any fresh proceedings against their relative. But though I was not one of those who see a conspiracy in every gathering of men, I felt an innate conviction that all was not right. Gliska's politics were notorious, and his secret communing, in so lonely and barbarous a quarter of the town, with persons so unlike himself in rank and bearing, seemed ominous of coming troubles. I had heard—as who had not?—of disaffection existing among the Poles, Finns, and Malorossians, who had been forced into the Muscovite army; of disaffection among the educated servants of the state, weary of a career in which corruption and chicanery overruled zeal and merit; and of deadly hatred on the part of the fanatics of the old Greek faith—those grim Raskolniks of whom Dumanoir had spoken. A junction of such malcontents with the restless Polish nobles was exactly what the authorities most dreaded.

When, later in the day, I drove to the Leczinzka palace, I saw Gliska leaving it on foot. He seemed to avoid recognition, turning up the collar of his furred over-coat so as nearly to conceal his face, and hurrying on with a quicker step as he caught sight of my vehicle. I found Sophie, with sparkling eyes and a flushed cheek, alone in the great drawing-room: the old princess coming in as soon as she was informed of my arrival. Never had I seen Sophie look more beautiful; but her excitement, which I could not help connecting with Gliska's visit, caused me a sensation of pain as contrasting with her usual cold resignation, when its cause was explained.

Invitations had just been issued for a masked ball at the residence of Prince Wittgenstein, the Austrian embassador; and this ball, long projected, was to be by far the most splendid of the season. It was to have taken place long before, but had been postponed, and many of the intended guests had their fancy dresses prepared, while all the town talked of the ruinous cost of the decorations and the skill of the artists who were to turn the embassy saloons into an ephemeral fairy-land. Sophie was wild with pleasure at the prospect of the fête; it was her first season, poor child, and she had truly a child's delight in the coming treat. Her aged relatives smiled as she talked with unusual animation of the fantastic splendors that were anticipated. It was said that the Emperor and Empress would be there. The grand-dukes and the Grand-Duchess Olga would certainly attend. Count Demidoff was to go as a Chinese—no, as a Persian Khan, with the Sancy diamond to fasten the plume on his turban. The four beautiful daughters of the Swedish minister would represent the Seasons; and so on, interminably.

It struck me that Sophie's interest in this ball was more than natural, but it never slackened during the few intervening days, and her spirits rose and fell in a capricious manner. At one time she was as happy and light of heart as a bird on a sunlit bough; at another there would be teardrops clinging to her dark eyelashes, and she had the drooping head and dejected look of that same bird when prisoned in a cage. Her old grandparents did not wonder at these abrupt transitions.

"Les jeunes filles, my dear Acton," said the aged prince, lightly tapping his enameled snuffbox; "les jeunes filles—who can reason with them? They have whims; that is all."

The great night came, and with it came the south wind and a thaw. The soft snow became of the consistency of treacle, and the horses had to labor hard to drag the runners of the carriages, which had so lately glided easily along over a frozen surface, through the tenacious drift. But it was done, somehow, and the superb saloons of the Austrian minister began to fill with guests, some in dominoes, and the majority in fanciful attire of every period and country. I shall not describe the fête. It was splendid and tasteful in its way, and the crowd thickened and thickened, and the music swelled higher and higher, as half, or more than half, of the "society" of St. Petersburg passed in. The Emperor and Empress realized Sophie's anticipations, for they paid the Prince and Princess of Wittgenstein the compliment of their presence. They walked, unmasked, through the rooms, the glittering company parting into two lines to give them free passage; both Czar and Czarina smiled graciously, and addressed a civil word here and there to some well-known personages. The band played the Russian anthem, and every face was uncovered, in deference to the august visitors, as they moved slowly past.

But those who were best used to watch the face of the strong-willed despot, whose personal influence was mightier, at that time, than any Czar's since Peter the Great, felt ill at ease as they watched his gigantic form pass through the crowded saloons. There was an ominous firmness about the imperial mouth, it was said, and a dangerous sparkle in the imperial eye. The Emperor was known to have much self-control, but there were signs of suppressed anger under his placidity of aspect which courtiers could read.

The Emperor and Empress did not stay long. When they departed the masks were replaced, the music struck up with fresh spirit, and the aristocracy of Russia forgot the darkling glance of their master's eye. The dance went pleasantly on.

"M. Charles, will you do me a favor?"

It was Sophie who spoke, and her voice quivered in a manner inexplicable to me, considering how ordinary were her words. She was in the rich Circassian dress of blue and silver she had chosen; but she would not have known me, in an ordinary domino of crimson silk, but for my face being exposed, through my not having replaced my mask. She was clinging to the arm of a boyish figure in Louis the Fourteenth attire: her brother, as I guessed.

"M. Charles, will you do me a favor?"

It was not very difficult to grant. She merely wanted me to affix to the breast of my domino a certain yellow rosette, a shoulder-knot of yellow ribbon with two fluttering ends—that was all. Hurriedly she thanked me for my consent, and insisted on pinning the knot to my domino with her own hands, though her slender fingers shook so much that they could hardly perform the task. It was a whim of hers, she said, a trick to "mystify" some one, and oh, it was so kind of me to humor her, and would I please to wear it till after supper-time, and to be masked! Before I could ask her for a dance she was gone, lost in the mazes of the crowd.

"Hist! come nearer; the game's up!" said a man's voice, thick and husky with emotion, at my ear. I started. A tall man in a dark domino was at my elbow.

"It's all over," said the stranger, in his guttural French, spoken with a German accent; "some one has betrayed us. The troops are under arms, and the soldiers we counted on are disarmed and confined to barracks. Rest assured that the Emperor knows all. Gliska—"

"Monsieur, you mistake," exclaimed I; and the man shrank away. Scarcely had I time to debate in my own mind the purport of what I had heard, when two or three masked persons came hastily forward, the foremost pointing me out to the others.

"That is he. I know him by the ribbon."

There was a pause, and a shuffling and whispering. I bethought me of the mystification Sophie had spoken of. Were these the friends at whose expense some harmless trick was to be played? I had little time to think, for one of the newcomers passed his arm familiarly through mine.

"Come quietly, Monsieur, to avoid scandal."

By this time my other arm had been grasped by another of the group. I made some jocular observation in French on the peremptory nature of the summons, fully persuaded that the whole was a masquerade frolic. The intruder spoke again, more sternly:

"You carry it off well, Sir. But your enterprises are unfortunate. You must come with us, in the Emperor's name, or I swear to shoot you where you stand. Come on!"

I was pushed, or dragged, through a side-door, down a passage, and into the hall of the embassy. It was full of soldiery and gens d'armes. In a moment a cloak was thrown over my head, my wrists were chained together, and I was hustled out into the snow, and thrust into a sledge. There was a shout, a trampling and clashing, and I felt the jerk of the start. The sledge was going off at a rapid pace, in spite of the softness of the snow. Half smothered by the cloak over my head, I rather lay than sat in the place into which I had been pushed, while by the bounding motion of the kibitka I knew that the speed of our progress was great.

Presently the woolen wrapper that muffled my head was removed, and I could see the true state of the case. The sledge was traversing a snow-covered road, marked out by painted posts at frequent intervals. To right and left lay hillocky mounds of snow, covering the peat morass through which the causeway passed. Overhead was a wrack of hurrying lead-colored cloud, with the pale winter moon peeping out sufficiently to show the horsemen of the escort, a party of dragoons of the Guard, who rode to right and left of the sledge, their burnished helmets and long white cloaks looming ghostly through the dim light. Besides myself, there were two persons in the kibitka, the driver and a sturdy figure in the uniform of a sergeant. The latter held a pistol in his gloved right hand; an excess of precaution, for I was bound and helpless.

I closed my eyes for a minute or two, and calmed my nerves by a strong effort. Then I looked again. Yes, nothing had changed. Snowy road, lashing whip, bounding horses, painted posts to mark the way, the mantled horsemen riding on either flank, the threatening attitude of the armed man at my side—all were real. And all these objects had but one significance—one which my soul shrank from. The Guards, the haste, the chains, the desolate wastes through which we were speeding, reminded me of many a dismal tale of exile to the gloomy deserts of Northern Asia. Either I was actually on my way to Siberia, or I was mad.

My courage revived. It was impossible that an Englishman, and an Englishman in government employ, should be amenable to such a punishment, even had his offenses against the Czar been flagrant, whereas I was utterly unconcerned in Russian politics. Even the barbarian caprice of absolute power could not have taken umbrage at any act of mine, and then the idea that my arrest was some cruel blunder flashed upon me. I tried the sergeant with French and German, but in vain. He knew only one language, and in answer to my few awkward words of Russian he merely growled out the words, "Polish dog!" and pressed the cold muzzle of the pistol-barrel between my eyes as a hint to keep quiet. I spoke no more.

Soon after this the wind veered round to the north, the moon vanished, the night grew piercing cold, and then the heavy flakes of snow came whirling down, and the horses could hardly struggle through the drift. Then all sensations were gradually and surely merged in one—the numbing effects of the intense cold.

Hours passed; post stations were reached, horses changed, fresh troopers took the place of the former escort; but I only grew colder and feebler, and the blood in my veins seemed freezing into solid ice, and there were shooting pains through every joint, and I remember moaning like a child in agony, and then I seemed to faint with suffering, the last thing I remember being a flash of ruddy torch-light.

When I recovered I was in a warm bed, and beside it stood two men: one dressed in black—a doctor; the other, a tall officer in a long military cloak, wet with half melted snow. In the côrner of the room was an Ingrian peasant woman, heating some water in a samover.

"He'll do well, now," said the doctor in French; "mortification had not really begun. It's only a slight case of frost-bite, with extreme debility."

"I'm glad to hear it!" said the officer, in whom I recognized a certain Major Orloff, one of the imperial aids-de-camp. "The Emperor is truly distressed that the mistake should have occurred. But how this Englishman came to wear the yellow knot of ribbon by which Gliska was to be recognized by the other conspirators had the plot really come to a head, and had the Czar's person been seized on, is a puzzle to us all. I'd lay my life there's a woman's hand in it."

"Very likely," said the doctor, with a smile; "perhaps Mademoiselle Sophie Leczinzka contrived the exchange when Gliska found out that all was lost, and his arrest imminent. The runaway couple have not been caught, I believe?"

I groaned.

"Come away, doctor," whispered the good-natured aid-de-camp; "the poor fellow may wake and overhear us. And he will know quite soon enough that his fiancée deceived him from the first, and that she will be Madame Gliska when they get in safety across the Prussian frontier, of which the police prefect admits there is no doubt—so artfully were the chevalier's projects laid, to provide the means of escape in case of the failure of the conspiracy. Allons! Bad news flies fast."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why are book-keepers like chickens?—Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

Mrs. Partington, hearing that a young man had set up for himself, said, "Poor fellow! Has he no friend that will set up for him part of the time?" And she sighed to be young again.

A person abusing another to Charles Russell, said he was so insufferably dull that if you said a good thing he did not understand it. "Pray, Sir," said Charles, "*did you ever try him?*"

A pert blockhead, who thought himself very smart, was once in company with Dean Swift. Rising from his chair, on something he said, he added. "For you must know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you?" said Swift, very gravely, "well, then, take my advice and sit down again."

A Quaker came before two judges at an assize as a witness, when he made frequent use of the words *also* and *likewise*. "Prithee, man," cried one of their lordships, "why do you vary these words so often, have not they both the same signification?" "No, truly," said the Quaker, "their meaning is very different; as, for example, Sergeant Bettsworth is a judge upon this bench; thou art one *also*, but not *like-wise*."

As a solicitor of rather shabby appearance was passing through Holywell Street the other day, with his professional blue bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with "Clowes to sell, Sir, old clowes!" The lawyer, somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Houndsditch, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, Sir, they are all new suits."

"Father, did Casca, that helped to kill Julius Cæsar, own a great many houses?" "No, my dear, not that I know of. What makes you think he did?" "Because, father, I am reading here where it says, 'See what a *rent* the envious Casca made!'" Joy was in that father's countenance, and the mother looked delighted at the wisdom of her only son.

Advice to Young Ladies about to Marry.—Do; but if your husband that is to be is given to gambling, let it be a condition precedent to the marriage that he shall give it up; and when you put the announcement of your nuptials in the paper, add, for the information of his bachelor acquaintance, the significant words, "No cards." A young lady adopted this ingenious course many weeks ago, and the happy bridegroom so far has not suggested even whist.

### MATRIMONIAL EXTREMES HARMONIZED.

Being extracts from the list of bans published in the Preston churches on Whit-Sunday:

Thomas Black and Mary White,
Peter Day and Ellen Knight,
Solomon Banks and Catherine Vale,
James Hill and Susan Dale,
Isaac Slater and Jane Thatcher,
John Baker and Mary Butcher,
Daniel Hurly and Peggy Ball,
Roger Long and Sophy Small,
Stephen Head and Nancy Heart,
William Stately and Julia Smart,
Joseph Reed and Helen Hay,
Thomas Spring and Mary May,
Joseph Brown and Kitty Green,
John Robins and Jenny Wren,
William Castle and Nancy Hall,
Peter Chatter and Mary Call,
Joseph Man and Eliza Child,
Joseph Merryman and Lucy Wild,
Thomas Bruin and Mary Bear,
James Fox and Catherine Hare,
Alexander Butler and Mary Cook,
William Crow and Nancy Rook,
Andrew Smith and Susan Armour,
Charles Field and Jane Farmer,
Daniel Currier and Susan Boot,
Joseph Hands and Ellen Foot,
William Large and Sally Small,
John Stand and Judy Fall,
Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone,
Michael Blood and Mary Bowen,
John Cloak and Julia Hood,
Edward Cole and Nancy Wood,
James Broom and Ellen Birch,
Charles Chapel and Susan Church,
Samuel Rivers and Mary Brooks,
Thomas Hatchet and Dorothy Crooks,

Harmonized by Joseph Clarke, for the Kilkenny *Moderator*.

*June 4, 1863.*

Importance of Emphasis.—A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table, took it up, and on inquiring its use, was answered, "It is a rule for *counting* houses." Too well-bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How, in the name of wonder, do you *count* houses with this?"

Wanted by the miserable—The loaf that produces crumbs of comfort.

Canon-izing a man appears to signify making a *big gun* of him.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

"Is there any thing the matter with you?" said a physician to a person who had sent for him. "Oh, dear, yes, I am ill all over; but I don't know what it is, and I have no particular pain nowhere," was the reply. "Very well," said the doctor; "I'll give you something to take away all that."

Mrs. B—— desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written, adding that, if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons in the fire, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the Doctor, after having turned over a few leaves, "I advise you to put it where your other irons are."

An Interpreter Wanted.—When Morice Margarot was tried for sedition, Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, who always talked broad Scotch upon the bench, said, "Ha'e ye ony counsel, mon?" "No." "Do ye want tae ha'e ony appointit?" "No, I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your lordship says." This was received with a burst of laughter by the whole court, in which his lordship heartily joined.

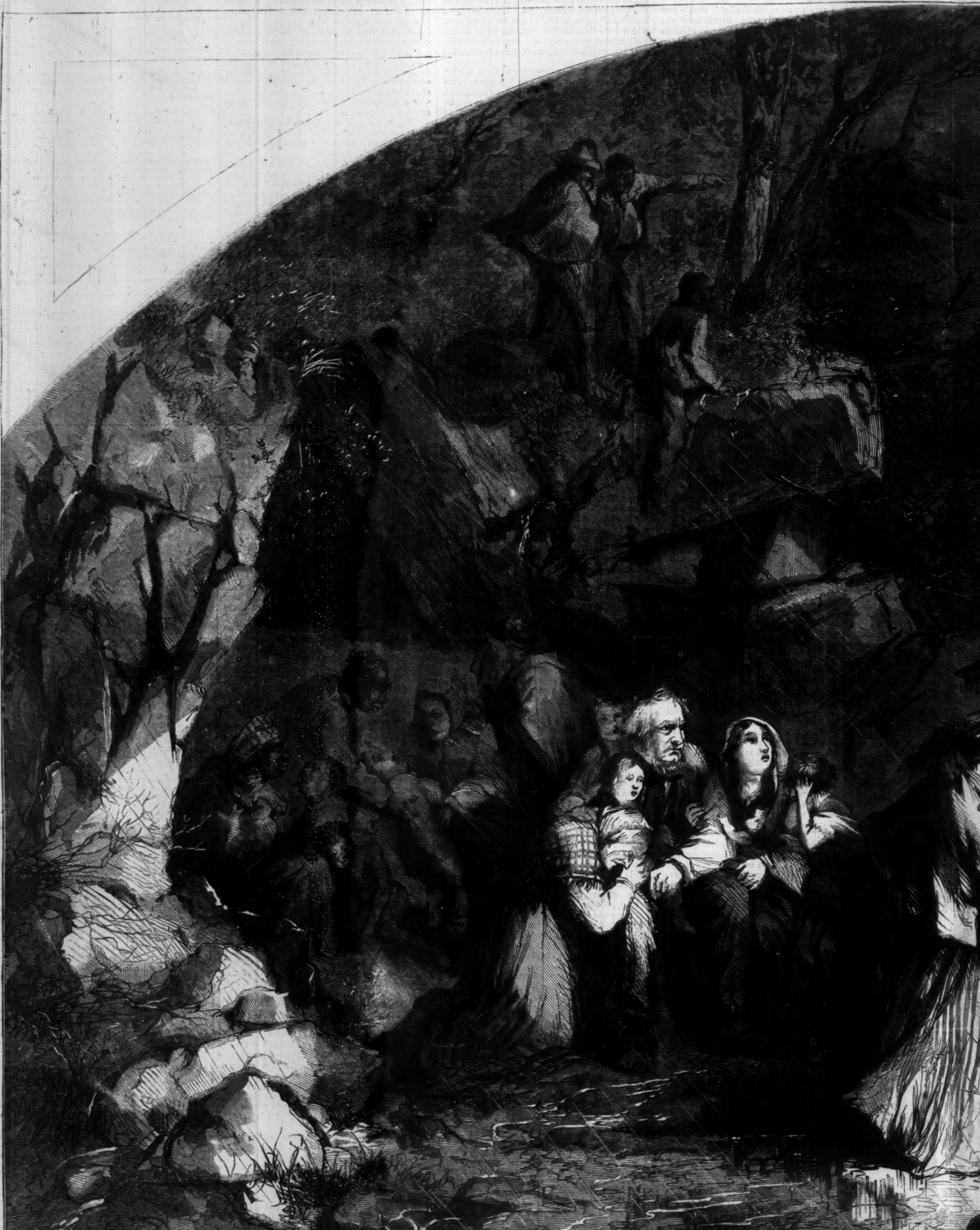
What the Emperor of France does when weary with State cares. Takes his little *Nap*.

A contemporary, in speaking of a newly-invented "metallic burial case," says it is fast coming into fashion, and is highly recommended by those who have used it.

"I have always been astonished," said Miss Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Mountflathers left my school. Seeing her gazing toward the sky, I asked her what she was looking for? 'That beau,' said she, 'which is told of as being "set in the cloud," I wish he'd come down.'"

"I say, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is—why, he'll squabble about a penny!" "Well, what if he does?" said Brown; "the less one squabbles about the better."

"How do you like me, now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room, with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you *any longer*."



SOUTHERN EXILES ON THEIR WA

WAY NORTH.—[See Page 603.]

# VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THERE was not a moment to lose, so Green emptied the pocket-book into his hat, and sifted the contents in a turn of the hand, announcing each discovery in a whisper to his excited and peering associates:

"A lot of receipts."

"Of no use to any one but me," said the prisoner, earnestly.

"Two miniatures; gold rims, pinchbeck backs."

"They are portraits of my children when young: Heaven forgive me, I could not give them up to my creditors: surely, surely, you will not rob me of them."

"Stash your gab," said Mr. Green, roughly. "Here's a guinea, Queen Anne's reign."

"It belonged to my great-grandfather: take it, but you will let me redeem it; I will give £5 for it, poor as I am: you can leave it on my door-step, and I'll leave the £5."

"Stow your gab. Letters; papers covered with figures. Stay, what is this? a lot of memoranda."

"They are of the most private and delicate character. Pray do not expose my family misfortunes." And Mr. Hardie, who of late had been gathering composure, showed some signs of agitation; the two figures glaring over his shoulder shared it, and his remonstrance only made Green examine the papers keenly: they might contain some clew to the missing money. It proved a miscellaneous record: the price of Stocks at various days; notes of the official assignee's remarks in going over the books, etc. At last, however, Green's quick eye fell upon a fainter entry in pencil; figures: 1, 4; yes, actually £14,000. "All right," he said: and took the paper close to the lantern, and began to spell it out:

"'This day Alfred told me to my face I had £14,000 of Captain Dodd's. We had an angry discussion. What can he mean? Drs. Wycherley and Osmond, this same day, afflicted me with hints that he is deranged, or partly. I saw no signs of it before. Wrote to my brother entreating him to give me £200 to replace the sum which I really have wronged this respectable and now most afflicted family of. I had better withdraw—'" Here Mr. Hardie interrupted him with sorrowful dignity: "These are mere family matters; if you are a man, respect them."

Green went reading on like Fate: "'Better withdraw my opposition to the marriage, or else it seems my own flesh and blood will go about the place blackening my reputation.'"

Mr. Hardie stamped on the ground. "I tell you on my honor as a gentleman there is no money there but my grandfather's guinea. My money is all in my waistcoat pocket, where you *will not* look."

A flutter of uneasiness seemed to come over the detective: he darkened his lantern, and replaced the pocket-book hurriedly in the prisoner's breast, felt him all over in a minute, and, to keep up the farce, robbed him.

"Only eight yellow boys," said he contemptuously to his mates. He then slipped the money back into Hardie's coat-pocket, and conducted him to his own gate, tied him to it by the waist, and ordered him not to give the alarm for ten minutes on pain of death.

"I consent," said Mr. Hardie, "and thank you for abstaining from violence."

"All right, my tulip," said Mr. Green, cheerfully; and drew his companions quietly away. But the next moment he began to run, and, making a sudden turn, dived into a street, then into a passage, and so winded and doubled till he got to a small public house: he used some flash word, and they were shown a private room. "Wait here an hour for me," he whispered; "I must see who liberates him, and whether he is really as innocent as he reads, or we have been countermined by the Devil's own tutor."

The unexpected turn the evidence had taken, evidence of their own choosing, too, cleared Mr. Hardie with the unprofessionals. Edward embraced this conclusion as a matter of course, and urged the character of that gentleman's solitary traducer; Alfred was a traitor, and therefore why not a slanderer?

Even Sampson, on the whole, inclined to a similar conclusion.

At this crisis of the discussion a red-haired peddler, with very large whiskers and the remains of a black eye, put his head in, and asked whether Tom Green was there. "No," said the Doctor, stoutly, not desiring company of this stamp. "Don't know the lad."

The peddler laughed: "There is not many that do know him at all hours; however, he *is* here, Sir." And he whipped off the red hair, and wiped off the black eye, and lo! Green ipse. He received their compliments on his Protean powers, and told them he had been just a minute too late; Mr. Hardie was gone, and so he had lost the chance of seeing who came to help him, and of hearing the first words that passed between the two: this, he said, was a very great pity; for it would have shown him in one moment whether certain suspicions of his were correct. Pressed as to what these suspicions were, he begged to be excused saying any more for the present. The doctor, however, would not let him off so, but insisted on his candid opinion.

"Well, Sir," said Green, "I never was more puzzled in my life, owing to not being near hand when he was untied. It looks all square, however. There's only one little thing that don't fit somehow."

They both asked in a breath what that was.

"The sovs. were all marked."

They asked how he knew; and had he got them in his pocket to show?

Green uttered a low chuckling laugh: "What me fake the beans, now I live on this side the hedge? never knew a cove mix his liquors that way but it hurt his health soon or late. No, I took them out of one pocket, and felt of them as I slipped them into the other. Ye see, gents, to do any good on my lay, a man must train his senses as well as his mind: he must have a hare's ear, and a hawk's eye, a blood-hound's nose, and a lady's hand with steel fingers and a silk skin. Now look at that bunch of fives," continued the master, and laid a hand white and soft as a duchess's on the table: "it can put the bracelets on a giant, or find a sharper's nail-mark on the back of the knave of clubs. The beans were marked. Which it is a small thing, but it don't fit the rest. Here's an unsuspicious gent took by surprise, in moonlight meditation fancy free, and all his little private family matters found in his innocent bosom quite promiscuous; but his beans marked: that don't dovetail nohow. Gents, did ever you hear of the man that went to the bottom of the bottomless pit to ease his mind? Well he was the head of my family: I must go to the bottom whether there's one or not. And just now I see but one way."

"And what is that?" inquired both his companions in some alarm.

"Oh, I mustn't threaten it," said Green, "or I shall never have the stomach to do it. But dear me, this boozing ken is a very unfit place for you, you are Champagne-gents not dog's nose ones. Now you part and make tracks for home, one on foot, and one in a fly. You won't see me, nor hear of me again, till I've something fresh."

And so the confederates parted, and Sampson and Edward met at Albion Villa; and Edward told his mother what they had done, and his conviction that Mr. Hardie was innocent, and Alfred a slanderer as well as a traitor: "And indeed," said he, "if we had but stopped to reflect, we should have seen how unlikely the money was not to be lost in the *Agra*. Why the *'Tiser* says she went to pieces almost directly she struck. What we ought to have done was, not to listen to Alfred Hardie like fools, but write to Lloyd's like people in their senses. I'll do it this minute, and find out the surviving officers of the ship: they will be able to give us information on that head." Mrs. Dodd approved; and said she would write to her kind correspondent Mrs. Beresford: and she did sit down to her desk at once. As for Sampson he returned to town next morning, not quite convinced, but thoroughly staggered; and determined for once to resign his own judgment, and abide the result of Mrs. Dodd's correspondence and Mr. Green's sagacity. All he insisted on was, that his placard about Alfred should be continued: he left money for this, and Edward against the grain consented to see it done. But placards are no monopoly: in the afternoon only a section of Sampson's was visible in most parts of the town by reason of a poster to this effect pasted half over it:

"FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD.

"Whereas yesterday evening at 10 o'clock Richard Hardie Esq., of Musgrove Cottage, Barkington, was assaulted at his own door by three ruffians, who rifled his pockets, and read his private memoranda, and committed other acts of violence, the shock of which has laid him on a bed of sickness, the above reward shall be paid to any person or persons who will give such information as shall lead to the detection of all or any one of the miscreants concerned in this outrage.

The above reward will be paid by Mr. Thomas Hardie of Clare Court Yorkshire."

On this the impartial police came to Mr. Hardie's and made inquiries. He received them in bed, and told them particulars: and they gathered from Peggy that she had heard a cry of distress, and opened the kitchen door; and that Betty and she had ventured out together, and found poor master tied to the gate with an old cord; this she produced, and the police inspected and took it away with them.

At sight of the Notice, Edward felt cold and then hot, and realized the false and perilous position into which he had been betrayed: "So much for being wiser than the law," he said; "what are we now but three foot-pads?" This, and the insult his sister had received, made the place poison to him; and hastened their departure by a day or two: the very next day (Thursday) an affiche on the walls of Albion Villa announced that Mr. Chippenham, auctioneer, would sell next Wednesday on the premises, the greater part of the furniture, plate, china, glass, Oriental inlaid boxes and screens, with several superb India shawls, scarfs, and dresses; also a twenty-one years' lease of the villa; seventeen to run.

Edward took unfurnished apartments in London, near Russell Square: a locality in which, as he learned from the *'Tiser*, the rooms were large and cheap; he packed just so much furniture as was essential; no nick-nacks. It was to go by rail on Monday; Mrs. Dodd and Julia were to follow on Tuesday: Edward to stay at Barkington and look after the sale.

Meantime their secret ally, Mr. Green, was preparing his threatened coup. The more he reflected the more he suspected that he had been outwitted by Peggy Black; she had led him on, and the pocket-book had been planted for him. If so, why Peggy was a genius, and in his own line; and he would marry her, and so kill two birds with one stone: make a Detective of her (there was a sad lack of female Detectives); and, once his wife, she would split on her master, and he should defeat that old soldier at last, and get a handsome slice of the £14,000.

He manœuvred thus; first, he went back to London for a day or two to do other jobs, and to let this matter cool: then he returned, and wrote from a town near Barkington to Peggy Black, telling her he had been sent away suddenly on a job, but his heart had remained behind with his Peggy: would she meet him at the gate at nine that evening? He had something very particular to say to her. As to the nature of the business the inclosed would give her a hint. She might name her own day, and the sooner the better.

The inclosed was a wedding-ring.

At nine this extraordinary pair of lovers met at the gate; but Peggy seemed hardly at her ease; said her master would be coming out and catching her; perhaps they had better walk up the road a bit. "With all my heart," said Green; but he could not help a little sneer: "Your master?" said he: "why, he is your servant, as I am. What, is he jealous?"

"I don't know what you mean, young man," said Peggy.

"I'll tell you when we are married."

"La, that is a long time to wait for my answer: why, we ain't asked in church yet."

"There's no need of that; I can afford a special license."

"Lawk-a-daisy: why, you be a gentleman, then."

"No, but I can keep my wife like a lady."

"You sounds very tempting," murmured Peggy, throwing her skirt over her head—for a drizzle was beginning—and walking slower and slower.

Then he made hot love to her, and pressed her hard to name the day.

She coquetted with the question till they came near the mouth of a dark lane, called lovers' walk; then, as he insisted on an answer, she hung her head bashfully and coughed a little cough. At which preconcerted signal a huge policeman sprang out of the lane and collared Mr. Green.

On this Peggy, who was all Lie from head to heel, uttered a little scream of dismay and surprise.

Mr. Green laughed.

"Well, you *are* a downy one," said he. "I'll marry you all the more for this."

The Detective put his hands suddenly inside the policeman's, caught him by the bosom with his right hand by way of fulcrum; and with his left by the chin, which he forced violently back, and gave him a slight Cornish trip at the same moment; down went the policeman on the back of his head a fearful crack: Green then caught the astonished Peggy round the neck, kissed her lips violently, and fled like the wind; removed all traces of his personal identity, and up to London by the train in the character of a young swell, with a self-fitting eye-glass and a long mustache the color of his tender mistress's eyebrow: tow.

From town he wrote to her, made her a formal offer of marriage; and gave her an address to write to "should she at any time think more kindly of him and of his sincere affection."

I suppose he specified sincere because it was no longer sincere: he hurled the offer into Musgrove Cottage by way of an apple of discord; at least so I infer from the memorandum, with which he retired at present from the cash-hunt.

"Mr. Hardie has the stiff, I think: but, if so, it is planted somewhere; doesn't carry it about him; my Peggy is his mistress: nothing to be done till they split."

Victorious so far, Mr. Hardie had still one pressing anxiety; Dr. Sampson's placard: this had been renewed, and stared him every where in the face. Every copy of it he encountered made him shiver: if he had been a man of impulse, he would have torn it down wherever he saw it; but he knew that would not do. However, learning from Jane, who had it from old Betty, who had it from Sarah, that Mrs. and Miss Dodd would leave for London the day before the sale, and Edward the day after it, he thought he might venture in the busy intermediate time to take some liberties with it. This he did with excellent tact and judgment; Peggy and a bill-sticker were seen in conference, and, soon after, the huge bills of a traveling circus were pasted right over both the rival advertisements in which the name of Hardie figured. The consequence was, Edward raised no objection; he was full of the sale for one thing; but I suspect he was content to see his own false move pasted over on such easy terms.

On the Monday morning Peggy brought in the letters, and Jane saw one in Alfred's handwriting. She snatched it up, and cried, "Papa, from Alfred!" and she left off making the tea, while her father opened it with comparative composure.

This coolness, however, did not outlast the perusal: "The young ruffian!" said he: "would you believe it, Jenny, he accuses me of being the cause of his last business."

"Let me see, papa."

He held her out the letter; but hesitated and drew it back: "My dear, it would give you pain to see your poor father treated so. Here's a specimen: 'What could they expect but that the son of a sharper would prove a traitor? You stole her money; I her affections, of which I am unworthy.' Now what do you think of that?"

"Unhappy Alfred!" said Jane: "No, papa, I would not read it, if you are insulted in it. But where is he?"

"The letter is dated Paris. See!" And he showed her the date: "but he says here, he is coming back to London directly; and he orders me in the most peremptory way to be ready with my accounts, and pay him over his fortune. Well, he is alive at all events: really my good, kind, interfering, pragmatical friend Sampson with his placards made me feel uneasy, more uneasy than I would own to you, Jenny."

"Unhappy Alfred!" cried Jane, with the tears in her eyes; "and poor papa!"

"Oh never mind me," said Mr. Hardie; "now that I know no harm has come to him, I really don't care a straw: I have got one child that loves me, and that I love."

"Ah yes dear, dear papa, and that will always love you, and never, never, disobey you in small things or great." She rose from table and sealed this with a pious kiss; and, when she sat down with a pink flush on her delicate cheek, his hard eye melted and dwelt on her with beaming tenderness. His heart yearned over her, and a pang went through it: to think that he must deceive even her, the one sweet soul that loved him!

It was a passing remorse: the successful plotter soon predominated, and it was with unmixed satisfaction he saw her put on her bonnet directly after breakfast, and hurry off to Albion Villa to play the part of his unconscious sieve.

He himself strolled in the opposite direction not to seem to be watching her.

He was in good spirits; felt like a general, who, after repulsing many desperate attacks successfully, orders an advance, and sees the tide of battle roll away from his bayonets. His very body seemed elastic, indomitable; he walked lustily out into the country, sniffed the perfumed hedges, and relished life. To be sure he could not walk away from all traces of his misdeeds; he fell in with objects that to an ordinary sinner might have spoiled the walk, and even marred the spring-time; he found his creditor Maxley with grizzly beard, and bloodshot eyes, belaboring a mile-stone; and two small boys quizzing him, and pelting him with mud: and soon after, he met his creditor, old Dr. Phillips, in a cart coming back to Barkington to end his days there, in an alms-house. But to our triumphant Bankrupt and Machiavel these things were literally nothing; he paced complacently on, and cared no more for either of those his wrecks than the smiling sea itself seems to care for the dead ships and men it washed ashore a week ago.

He came home before luncheon for his gossip with Jane; but she had not returned. All the better; her budget would be larger.

To while the time he got his file of the *Times*, and amused himself noting down the fluctuations in Peruvian bonds.

While thus employed he heard a loud knock at his door, and soon after Peggy's voice and a man's in swift collision. Hasty feet came along the passage, the parlor door opened, and a young man rushed in pale as ashes, and stared at him; he was breathless, and his lips moved, but no sound came.

It was Edward Dodd.

Mr. Hardie rose like a tower and manned himself to repulse this fresh assault.

The strange visitor gasped out, "You are wanted at our house!"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

JANE HARDIE found Albion Villa in the miserable state that precedes an auction; the house raw, its contents higgledy-piggledy. The stair carpets, and drawing-room carpets, were up, and in rolls in the dining-room; the bulk of the furniture was there too; the auction was to be in that room. The hall was clogged with great packages, and littered with small, all awaiting the railway carts; and Edward, dusty and deliquescent, was cording, strapping, and nailing them at the gallop, in his shirt sleeves.

Jane's heart sank at the visible signs of his departure. She sighed; and then, partly to divert his attention, told him hastily there was a letter from Alfred. On this he ran up stairs and told Mrs. Dodd; and she came down stairs, and took Jane up softly to her friend's room.

They opened the door gently, and Jane saw the grief she was come to console; or to embitter.

Such a change! instead of the bright, elastic, impetuous, young beauty, there sat a pale, languid girl with "weary of the world" written on every part of her eloquent body; her right hand dangled by her side, and on the ground beneath it lay a piece of work she had been attempting; but it had escaped from those listless fingers: her left arm was stretched at full length on the table with an unspeakable abandon, and her brow laid wearily on it above the elbow. So lies the wounded bird, so droops the broken lily.

She did not move for Jane's light foot. She often sat thus, a drooping statue, and let people come and go unheeded.

Jane's heart yearned for her. She came softly and laid a little hand lightly on her shoulder, and true to her creed that we must look upward for consolation, said in her ear, and in solemn, silvery tones, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Julia turned at this and flung her arms round Jane's neck, and panted heavily.

Jane kissed her, and, with the tears in her eyes, proceeded to pour out, from a memory richly stored with Scripture, those blessed words it is full of, words that in our hours of ease or biblical criticism pass over the mind like some drowsy chime; but in the bitter day of anguish and bereavement, when the body is racked, the soul darkened, shine out like stars to the mariner; seem then first to swell to their real size and meaning, and come to writhing mortals like pitying seraphim, divinity on their faces and healing on their wings.

Julia sighed heavily: "Ah," she said, "these are sweet words. But I am not ripe for them. You show me the true path of happiness: but I don't *want* to be happy; it's *him* I want to be happy. If the angels came for me and took me to heaven this moment, I should be miserable there, if I thought *he* was in eternal torment; ay, I should be as miserable there as I

am here. Oh Jane, when God means to comfort me, He will show me *he* is alive; till then words are wasted on me, even Bible words."

"Tell her your news, my dear," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly. She was one of those who take human nature as it is, and make the best of it.

"Julia dear," said Jane, "your fears are extravagant, indeed: Alfred is alive, we know."

Julia trembled, but said nothing.

"He has written to-day."

"Ah! To you?"

"No, to papa."

"I don't believe it. Why to him?"

"But I saw the letter, dear; I had it in my hand."

"Did you read it?" asked Julia, trembling now like an aspen, and fluttering like a bird.

"No, but I read the address, and the date inside, and I saw the handwriting; and I was offered the letter, but papa told me it was full of abuse of him, so I declined* to read it; however, I will get it for *you*."

Mrs. Dodd thanked her warmly; but asked her if she could not in the mean time give some idea of the contents.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Dodd: papa read me out a great deal of it. He was in Paris, but just starting for London: and he demanded his money and his accounts. You know papa is one of his trustees."

"Well, but," said Mrs. Dodd, "was there nothing—nothing about—?"

"Oh yes there was," said Jane, "only I—well then for dear Julia's sake—the letter said, 'What wonder the son of a sharper should prove a traitor? *You* have stolen her money, and *I* her affections, and'—oh, I can't, I can't." And Jane Hardie began to cry.

Mrs. Dodd embraced her like a mother, and entered into her filial feelings: Mrs. Dodd had never seen her so weak, and, therefore, never thought her so amiable. Thus occupied they did not at first observe how these tidings were changing Julia.

But presently looking up they saw her standing at her full height, on fire with wrath and insulted pride.

"Ah, you have brought me comfort," she cried. "Mamma, I shall hate and scorn this man some day, as much as I hate and scorn myself now for every tear I have shed for him."

They tried to calm her, but in vain; a new gust of passion possessed the ardent young creature, and would have vent. She reddened from bosom to brow, and the scalding tears ran down her flaming cheeks, and she repeated between her clenched teeth, "My veins are not filled with skim-milk I can tell you: you have seen how I can love, you shall see how I can hate." And with this she went haughtily out of the room, not to expose the passion which overpowered her.

Mrs. Dodd took advantage of her absence to thank Jane for her kindness, and told her she had also received some letters by this morning's post, and thought it would be neither kind on her part nor just to conceal their purport from her. She then read her a letter from Mrs. Beresford, and another from Mr. Grey, in answer to queries about the £14,000.

Sharpe, I may as well observe, was at sea; Bayliss drowned.

Mrs. Beresford knew nothing about the matter.

Mr. Gray was positive Captain Dodd, when in command, had several thousand pounds in his cabin: Mrs. Beresford's Indian servant had been detected trying to steal it, and put in irons; believed the lady had not been told the cause—out of delicacy: and Captain Roberts had liberated him. As to whether the money had escaped the wreck—if on Captain Dodd's person it might have been saved; but if not, it was certainly lost: for Captain Dodd to his knowledge had run on deck from the passenger's cabin the moment the ship struck, and had remained there till she went to pieces; and every thing was washed out of her.

"Our own opinion," said Mrs. Dodd, "I mean Edward's and mine, is now, that the money was lost in the ship; and you can tell your papa so, if you like."

Jane thanked her, and said she thought so too; and what a sad thing it was.

Soon after this Julia returned, pale and calm as a statue, and sat down humbly beside Jane: "Oh, pray with me," she said: "pray that I may not hate, for to hate is to be wicked; and pray that I may not love, for to love is to be miserable."

Mrs. Dodd retired, with her usual tact and self-denial.

Then Jane Hardie, being alone with her friend, and full of sorrow, sympathy, and faith, found words of eloquence almost divine to raise her.

With these pious consolations Julia's pride and self-respect now co-operated; relieved of her great terror, she felt her insult to her fingers' ends: "I'll never degrade myself so far as to pine for another lady's lover," she said. "I'll resume my duties in another sphere, and try to face the world by degrees. I am not quite alone in it: I have my mother still—and my Redeemer."

Some tears forced their way at these brave, gentle words. Jane gave her time.

Then she said: "Begin by putting on your bonnet, and visiting with me. Come with one who is herself thwarted in the carnal affections; come with her and see how sick some are, and we two in health; how racked with pain some are, and we two at ease; how hungry some, and we have abundance; and, above all, in what spiritual deserts some lie, while we walk in the gospel light."

* This was one of those involuntary inaccuracies which creep into mortal statements.

"Oh that I had the strength," said Julia; "I'll try."

She put on her bonnet, and went down with her friend: but at the street door the strange feeling of shame overpowered her: she blushed, and trembled, and begged to substitute the garden for the road. Jane consented, and said every thing must have a beginning.

The fresh air, the bursting buds, and all the face of nature, did Julia good; and she felt it: "You little angel," said she, with something of her old impetuosity, "you have saved me. I was making myself worse by shutting myself up in that one miserable room."

They walked hand in hand for a good half hour, and then Jane said she must go: papa would miss her. Julia was sorry to part with her, and almost without thinking accompanied her through the house to the front gate, and that was another point gained. "I never was so sorry to part with you, love," said she. "When will you come again? We leave to-morrow. I am selfish to detain you; but it seems as if my guardian angel was leaving me."

Jane smiled. "I must go," said she, "but I'll leave better angels than I am behind me. I leave you this: 'Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God.' When it seems most harsh, then it is most loving. Pray for faith to say with me, 'Lead us by a way that we know not.'"

They kissed one another, and Julia stood at the gate and looked lovingly after her, with the tears standing thick in her own violet eyes.

Now Maxley was coming down the road, all grizzly and bloodshot, baited by the boys, who had gradually swelled in number as he drew nearer the town.

Jane was shocked at their heathenish cruelty, and went off the path to remonstrate with them.

Instantly Maxley fell upon her, and began beating her about the head and shoulders with his heavy stick.

The miserable boys uttered yells of dismay, but did nothing.

Julia uttered a violent scream, but flew to her friend's aid, and crying "Oh, you wretch! you wretch!" actually caught the man by the throat and shook him violently: he took his hand off Jane Hardie, who instantly sank moaning on the ground, and he cowered like a cur at the voice and the purple gleaming eyes of the excited girl.

The air filled with cries, and Edward ran out of the house to see what was the matter; but on the spot nobody was game enough to come between the furious man and the fiery girl. The consequence was her impetuous courage began to flag, and her eye to waver; the demented man found this out by some half animal instinct, and instantly caught her by the shoulder and whirled her down on her knees: then raised his staff high to destroy her.

She screamed, and was just putting up her hands, woman-like, not to see her death as well as feel it, when something dark came past her like a rushing wind, a blow, that sounded exactly like that of a paving ram, caught Maxley on the jaw; and there was Edward Dodd blowing like a grampus with rage, and Maxley on his back in the road; but men under cerebral excitement are not easily stunned, and know no pain: he bounded off the ground, and came at Edward like a Spanish bull. Edward slipped aside, and caught him another ponderous blow that sent him staggering, and his bludgeon flew out of his hand, and Edward caught it; lo! the maniac flew at him again more fiercely than ever: but the young Hercules had seen Jane bleeding on the ground: he dealt her assailant in full career such a murderous stroke with the bludgeon, that the people, who were running from all quarters, shrieked with dismay, not for Jane, but for Maxley; and well they might: that awful stroke laid him senseless, motionless, and mute, in a pool of his own blood.

"Don't kill him, Sir; don't kill the man," was the cry.

"Why not?" said Edward, sternly. He then kneeled over his sweet-heart and lifted her in his arms like a child. Her bonnet was all broken, her eyes were turned upward and set, and a little blood trickled down her cheek; and that cheek seemed streaked white and red.

He was terrified, agonized; yet he gasped out, "You are safe, dear; don't be frightened."

She knew the voice.

"Oh, Edward!" she said, piteously and tenderly: and then moaned a little on his broad bosom. He carried her into the house out of the crowd.

The poor old doctor, coming in to end his days in the alms-house, had seen it all: he got out of his cart and hobbled up. He had been in the army, and had both experience and skill. He got her bonnet off, and at sight of her head looked very grave.

In a minute a bed was laid in the drawing-room, and all the windows and doors open; and Edward, trembling now in every limb, ran to Musgrove Cottage, while Mrs. Dodd and Julia loosened the poor girl's dress, and bathed her wounds with tepid water (the doctor would not allow cold), and put wine carefully to her lips with a tea-spoon.

"Wanted at your house, pray what for?" said Mr. Hardie, superciliously.

"Oh, Sir," said Edward, "such a calamity! Pray come directly. A ruffian has struck her, has hurt her terribly, terribly."

"Her? Who?" asked Mr. Hardie, beginning to be uneasy.

"Who? why Jane, your daughter, man; and there you sit chattering, instead of coming at once."

Mr. Hardie rose hurriedly and put on his hat, and accompanied him, half confused.

Soon Edward's mute agitation communicated itself to him, and he went striding and trembling by his side.

The crowd had gone with insensible Maxley to the hospital; but the traces of the terrible combat were there. Where Maxley fell the last time, a bullock seemed to have been slaughtered at the least.

The miserable father came on this, and gave a great scream like a woman, and staggered back white as a sheet.

Edward laid his hand on him, for he seemed scarce able to stand.

"No, no, no," he cried, comprehending the mistake at last; "that is not hers—Heaven forbid! That is the madman's who did it; I knocked him down with his own cudgel."

"God bless you! you've killed him I hope."

"Oh, Sir, be more merciful, and then perhaps God will be merciful to us, and not take this angel from us."

"No! no! you are right: good young man. I little thought I had such a friend in your house."

"Don't deceive yourself, Sir; it's not you I care for: *I love her*."

At this blunt declaration, so new and so offensive to him, Mr. Hardie winced, and stopped, bewildered.

But they were at the gate, and Edward hurried him on. At the house door he drew back once more; for he felt a shiver of repugnance at entering this hateful house, of whose happiness he was the destroyer.

But enter it he must; it was his fate.

The wife of the poor Captain he had driven mad met him in the passage, her motherly eyes full of tears for him, and both hands held out to him like a pitying angel.

"Oh, Mr. Hardie," she said, in a broken voice, and took him by both hands, and led him, wonder-struck, stupefied, shivering with dark fears, to the room where his crushed daughter lay.

## THE DIPLOMATIC EXCURSION.

WE publish on page 593 a reproduction of a photograph taken by Mr. W. J. Baker, of Utica, New York, representing THE HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD SURROUNDED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT TRENTON FALLS. Mr. Seward and the various foreign Ministers left Washington a few weeks since for a tour to the Watering-places, and visited Niagara, Trenton Falls, Sharon, etc., etc. While at Trenton Falls they were caught by Mr. Baker, and persuaded to sit for the photograph which he has kindly permitted us to copy. The personages represented in the picture are the following, and may be identified by the numbers affixed to them:

1. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*
2. BARON DE STOECKEL, *Russian Minister.*
3. M. MOLINA, *Nicaraguan Minister.*
4. LORD LYONS, *British Minister.*
5. M. MERCIER, *French Minister.*
6. M. SCHLEIDEN, *Hanseatic Minister*
7. M. BERTINATTI, *Italian Minister.*
8. COUNT PIPER, *Swedish Minister.*
9. M. BODISCO, *Secretary of Russian Legation.*
10. MR. SHEFFIELD, *Attaché of British Legation.*
11. MR. DONALDSON, *State Department, U. S.*

Mr. Baker, whose success in taking this picture has been very remarkable, is selling large numbers of copies, both in the large size at $3.00 and in card form at $0.30. They may be procured of Goupil & Co., in this city.

## THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

WE publish on pages 596 and 597 three illustrations of General Gilmore's operations before Charleston, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE SALUTE AT BREAK OF DAY.

"MORRIS ISLAND, *Aug.* 31, 1863.

"May be that the readers of the 'Journal of Civilization' will say, as they read the caption to this letter, 'Sunrise gun; so the night is passed in quiet repose.' Not so, as the reader would certainly know, could he but see each morning the lifeless clay borne from the trenches, all its record being 'Killed in the saps.'

"The firing at night is not, however, quite so heavy as during the day—may be the men are fatigued, may be the gunners are not so sure of their aim. The break of day is often the time for a salvo that seems to make the whole island quake.

"The sketch shows, I think, the most comprehensive obtainable view of the 'situation,' as we now see it. The extreme difficulty of 'approaching' an enemy's work on a sand beach will strike every one, as well as the admirable tact and skill used by the engineers in availing themselves of each swell and rift of sand for cover. The material and work are so vastly different from that at Vicksburg that I find myself wondering, when in the trenches, 'Where shall I dodge next?'

"THE REBEL TORPEDOES.

"Since the assault upon Fort Wagner the rebels have planted quantities of torpedoes in front of their works. As we come to these with our saps they are removed with care and safety.

"A few nights since, by the accidental explosion of one of these machines, a negro corporal of the Third United States (colored) Regiment was blown out of the saps, and the next morning was seen, dead and entirely nude, evidently placed as a bait by the rebels for one of their torpedoes, they undoubtedly thinking that we would attempt his removal for burial on the coming night, and explode the trap. Not so: the saps went quietly on; and when at last the body was reached the whole affair was dug out—the negro buried, and the torpedo reserved for use, if need be.

"THE SWAMP ANGEL.

"One of our batteries upon Morris Island, built under exceeding difficulties, is looked upon with so much pride and interest by our brave soldiers that this sketch of it, by the light of a just full moon, will no doubt please the anxious ones at home, who look with glad eyes upon the rapid progress of this siege.

"Who built the battery and where it is is a sort of a secret that we are keeping from the rebels; so for a time the names, place, and kind of batteries are withheld."

## UNION REFUGEES.

WE devote pages 600 and 601 to an illustration of SOUTHERN REFUGEES FLYING NORTHWARD. This is a scene which may be witnessed almost daily on any highway in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Vast portions of those States have been absolutely desolated by the war. Houses, barns, bridges, fences, gardens have been obliterated by the ravages of the soldiers, and countless families, many of them bred in affluence, and delicately reared, have been thrown upon the world, without food, money, clothing, or shelter. We hear daily of tales of suffering among these Southern exiles which harrow the soul.

## THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

OUR artist, Mr. Waud, is enjoying the rest which has been vouchsafed to the Army of the Potomac; he has, however, made some sketches of visits to the Warrenton Sulphur Springs, which we reproduce on page 605. He writes:

"WARRENTON SULPHUR SPRINGS.

"This famous resort of bogus aristocracy was laid in ruins by Sigel's division at the time when Pope made his brilliant backward movement upon Washington. The Hotel proper is entirely destroyed; but the building known as 'Rowdy Hall,' and the dwellings in the grounds remain—the former occupied as a hospital. In the grounds, under the grateful shadow of the trees—some of which show the marks of shell or shot—are the First Division Head-quarters of the Third Corps, forcibly reminding the spectator of an Arab encampment at the foot of some ancient ruin. This is especially the case at night, when the moon, lighting up the shattered columns and white tents, gives a ghostly and mysterious effect to the scene, the flickering shadows falling with softening influence on the harsh outlines of the ruin.

"The Springs attract a great number of officers and men by their supposed beneficial effect on the blood. The water is cold and clear, but not pleasant, tasting strongly and smelling worse of sulphureted hydrogen. It has occasionally been taken mixed with Old Rye; but it is justly remarked that, though the water might be improved in that way, the whisky is certainly spoiled.

"GENERAL PATRICK'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

"During General Patrick's absence from camp this pretty bower was raised, as a token of esteem, by two Companies of the Twentieth New York Volunteers. These men had been misled by the officers who enlisted them as to the length of time they were to serve. They had been told that they should, and expected to, go home with the rest of the regiment; being left behind they refused to do duty, and were tried and sentenced. General Patrick, Provost Marshal of the Army, feeling that they were harshly used, procured their pardon and dismissal from service. These poor Germans had not the means to offer any costly present, but their humble offering was as acceptable to the General as if it had cost thousands. They are said to be a superior set of men, and propose to enlist again as soon as they have seen their friends."

## THE DESTRUCTION OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

WE illustrate on page 604 the RUINS of the once flourishing city of Lawrence, Kansas, which was destroyed a fortnight since by Quantrell and his fellow-brigands. The attack on the place and the massacre of the citizens is unparalleled in history, and even casts into the shade the famous massacre of Cawnpore. We condense from the *Herald* the following account of the outrage:

The massacre took place at the noon of night, and the startled peaceful citizens were sent to their last account by the bullets of murderers in the glare of their burning houses, and in the agonized embraces of their wives and children. One hundred and eighty persons are said to have fallen victims. These comprise the principal citizens, with the Mayor and his son at the head of the list. There does not appear to have been any resistance whatever offered. It was a sudden incursion of fiendish guerrillas—a repetition of the scenes that used to be enacted on our borders by the savage Indians, when villages were given to the flames by some

Monster Brandt,
With all his howling, desolating band.

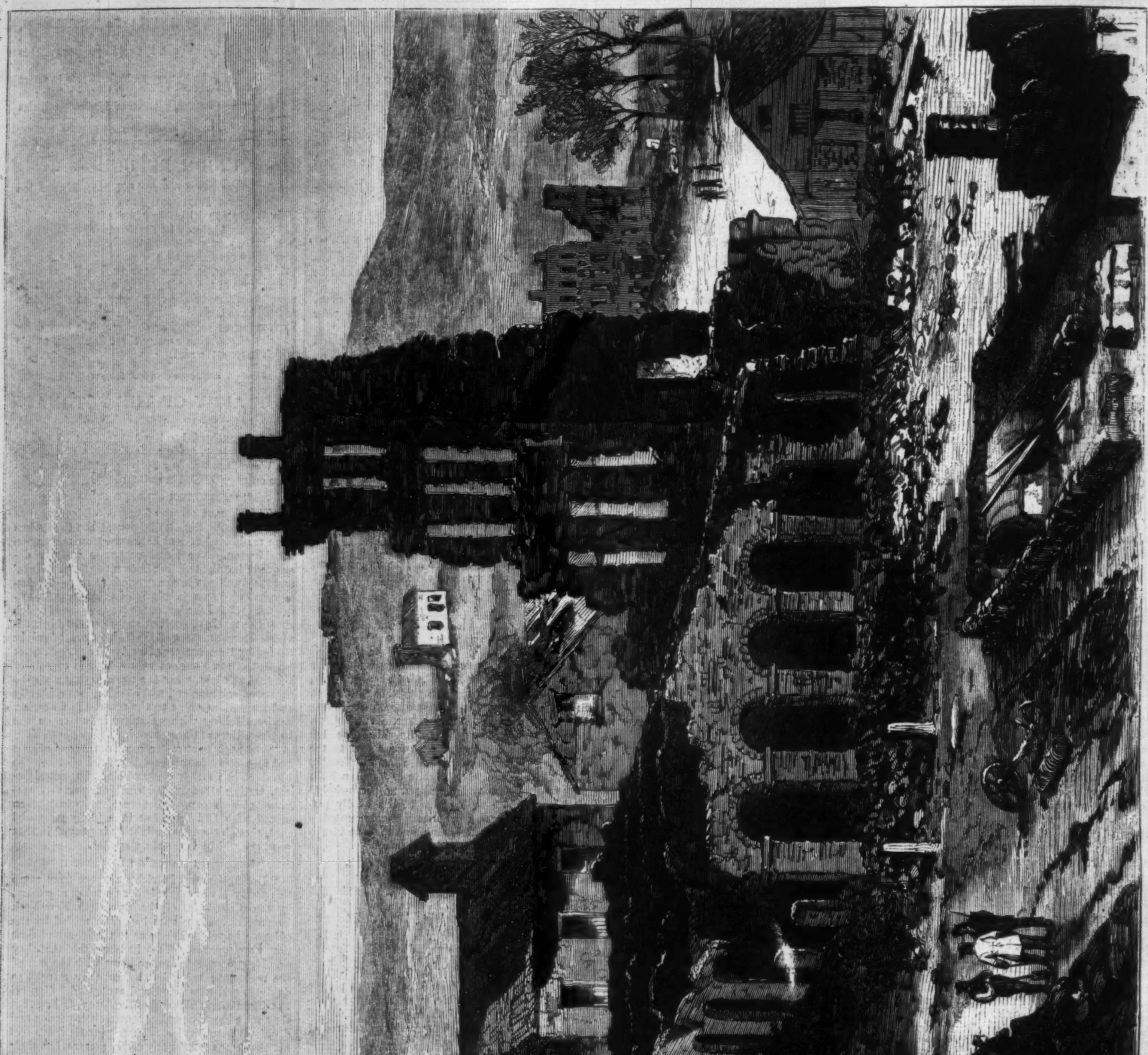
One incident is related of twelve men having been driven into a building and there shot, and the house burned over them.

Another is reported where twenty-five negro recruits were shot dead.

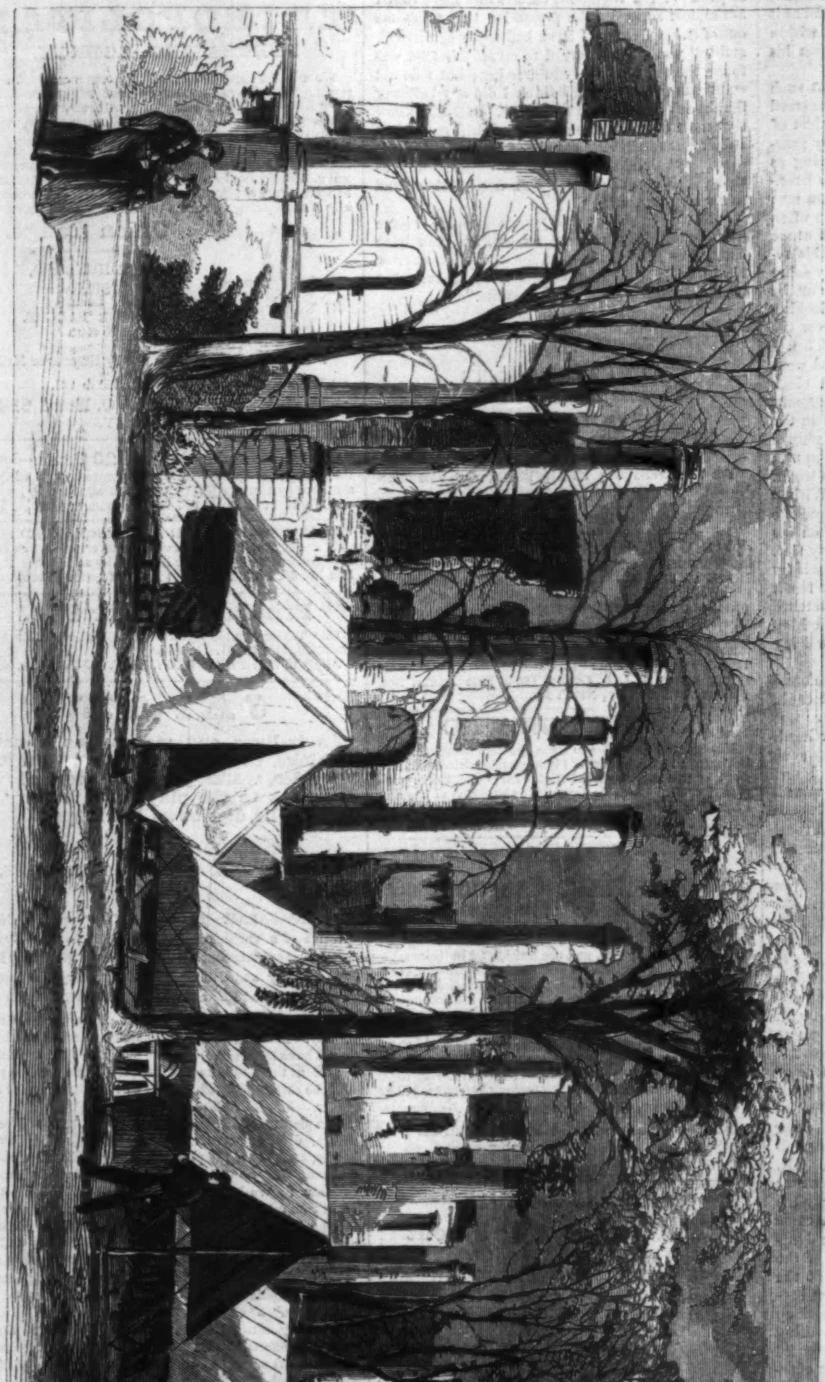
The bodies of the murdered people were thrown into wells and cisterns.

There was but one hotel left standing, which was spared by Quantrell because he had been entertained there some years ago without expense. Its proprietor, however, was shot. The principal part of the city has been reduced to ashes, the loss being set down roughly at two millions of dollars. Two banks were robbed, and the third only escaped because the safes could not be forced quick enough. Of course, whatever valuables the guerrillas could lay their hands on they carried off, and it is supposed that they are now safe with their plunder in their Missouri homes, where they assume the character of Union men, and whence they will be ready to start on a new marauding and murdering expedition whenever they are called upon by their leader.

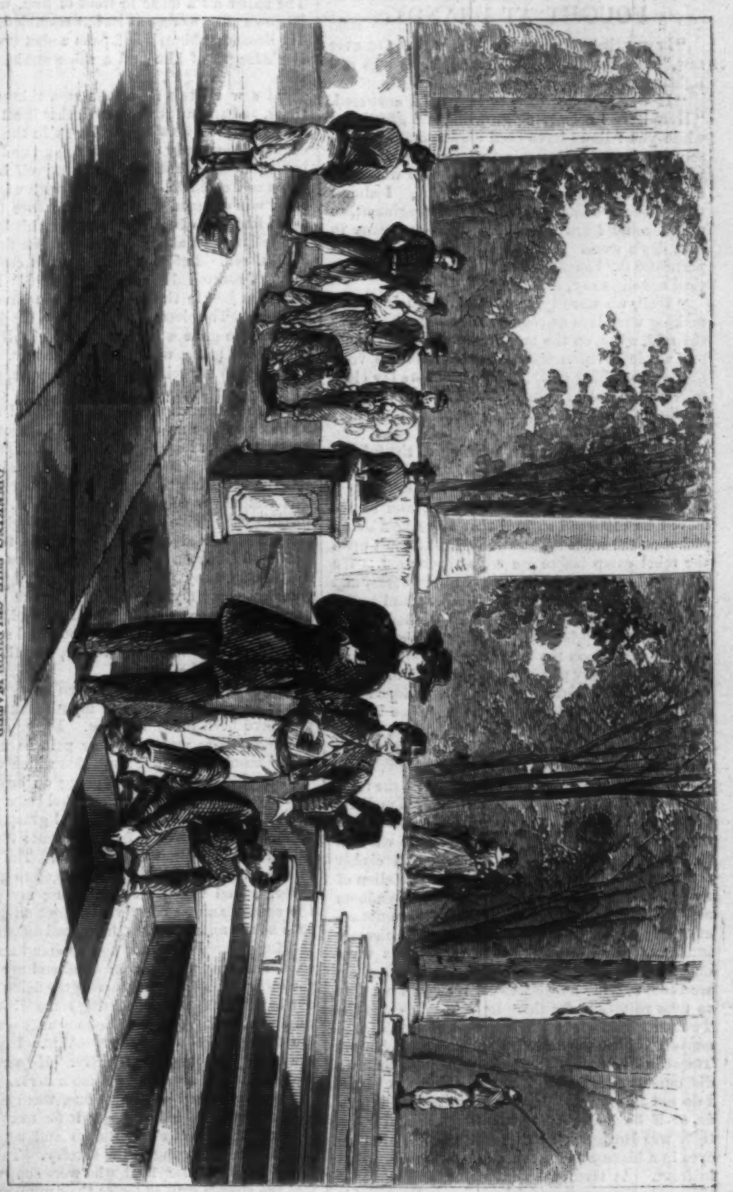
Next to Leavenworth, Lawrence was the most thriving town between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. It is situated about thirty miles west from Leavenworth, on the right or western bank of the Kansas River, which is here about eighty yards wide. The ford has been known as the Delaware crossing. The river is crossed by means of a large, flat-bottomed ferry-boat, operated by ropes that are suspended between the bluffs on each side. A substantial stone bridge was being built at this point, and a railroad was also in course of construction between Leavenworth and Lawrence—the first link of the Pacific road.




THE RUINS OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 603.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL BIRNEY'S CAMP AT WARRENTON SULPHUR SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 603.]



DRINKING THE SULPHUR-WATER.

GENERAL PATRICK'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

## HOW THE FIRST NEW JERSEY FOUGHT AT BRANDY.

"It was the prettiest cavalry fight that you ever saw," said the Adjutant, stretching his legs and lighting a fresh cigar.

"It was just my luck to lose it," I answered. "Here have I been lying growling and grumbling while you fellows have been distinguishing yourselves. It was miserable to be taken sick just when the army got in motion, and still worse not to hear a word of what was going on. I almost wished that we had been a *newspaper* regiment, so that I could learn something about our share in that day's work. Be a good fellow and play reporter for my benefit. Freshen hawse, as the nautical novelists say, and begin."

"Well, we were lying at Warrenton Junction, making ourselves as comfortable as possible after the raid, when, on the morning of the 8th of June, the whole division was ordered out in the very lightest marching order. That night we lay close to Kelly's Ford in column of battalions, the men holding their horses as they slept and no fires being lighted.

"At four o'clock on the morning of the 9th we were again in motion, and got across the Ford without interruption or discovery. Yorke, with the third squadron, was in advance, and as we moved he managed so well that he bagged every picket on the road. Thus we had got almost upon the rebel camp before we were discovered. We rode right into Jones's Brigade, the First Jersey and First Pennsylvania charging together; and before they had recovered from the alarm we had a hundred and fifty prisoners. The rebels were then forming thick upon the hill-side by the station, and they had a battery playing upon us like fun. Martin's New York Battery on our side galloped into position, and began to answer them. Then Wyndham formed his whole brigade for a charge, except a squadron of the First Maryland, left to support the battery. Our boys went in splendidly, keeping well together, and making straight for the rebel battery on the hill behind the station. Wyndham himself rode on the right, and Broderick charged more toward the left, and with a yell we were on them. We were only two hundred and eighty strong, and in front of us was White's Battalion of five hundred. No matter for that. Wyndham and Broderick were leading, and they were not accustomed to count odds. As we dashed fiercely into them, sabre in hand, they broke like a wave on the bows of a ship, and over and through them we rode, sabring as we went. We could not stop to take prisoners, for there in front of us was the Twelfth Virginia, six hundred men, riding down to support White. By Jove, Sir, that was a charge! They came up splendidly, looking steadier than we did ourselves after the shock of the first charge. I do not know whether Wyndham was still with us, or if he had gone to another regiment; but there was Broderick looking full of fight, his blue eyes in a blaze, and his sabre clenched, riding well in front. At them we went again, and some of them this time met us fairly. I saw Broderick's sabre go through a man, and the rebel gave a convulsive leap out of his saddle, falling senseless to the ground. It seemed but an instant before the rebels were scattered in every direction, trying now and then to rally in small parties, but never daring to await our approach. Now there were the guns plain before us, the drivers yelling at their horses, and trying to limber up. We caught one gun before they could move it, and were dashing after the others when I heard Broderick shouting in a stormy voice. I tell you, it was a startling sight. The fragments of White's Battalion had gathered together toward the left of the field, and were charging in our rear. The First Maryland was there, and Broderick was shouting at them, in what their Colonel considered a 'very ungentlemanly manner,' to move forward to the charge. At the same time two fresh regiments, the Eleventh Virginia and another, were coming down on our front. Instead of dashing at White's men the First Maryland wavered and broke, and then we were charged at the same time front and rear. We had to let the guns go, and gather together as well as possible to cut ourselves out. Gallantly our fellows met the attack. We were broken, of course, by the mere weight of the attacking force, but, breaking them up too, the whole field was covered with small squads of fighting men. I saw Broderick ride in with a cheer and open a way for the men. His horse went down in the melée; but little Wood, the bugler of Company G, sprang down and gave him his animal, setting off himself to catch another. A rebel rode at the bugler, and succeeded in getting away his arms before help came. As Wood still went after a horse another fellow rode at him. The boy happened at that moment to see a carbine where it had been dropped after firing. He picked up the empty weapon, aimed it at the horseman, made him dismount, give up his arms, and start for the rear. Then he went in again. Lucas, Hobensack, Brooks, and Beekman, charged with twelve men into White's Battalion. Fighting hand to hand, they cut their way through, but left nine of the men on the ground behind them. Hughes was left almost alone in a crowd, but brought himself and the men with him safe through. Major Shelmire was last seen lying across the dead body of a rebel cavalry man. None of us thought any thing of two to one odds, as long as we had a chance to ride at them. It was only when we got so entangled that we had to fight hand to hand that their numbers told heavily. It was in such a place that I lost sight of Broderick. The troop horse that he was riding was not strong enough to ride through a knot of men, so that he had to fight them. He struck one so heavily that he was stunned by the blow, but his horse was still in the way; swerving to one side, he escaped a blow from another, and, warding off the thrust of a third, managed to take him with his point across the forehead; just as he did so, however, his sabre, getting tangled with the rebel's, was jerked from his hand. He always carried a pistol in his boot. Pulling that out, he fired into the crowd, and put spurs to his horse. The bullet hit a horse in front of him, which fell. His own charger rose at it, but stumbled, and as it did Broderick himself fell, from a shot fired within arm's-length of him and a sabre stroke upon his side.

"I saw all this as a man sees things at such times, and am not positive even that it all occurred as I thought I saw it; for I was in the midst of confusion, and only caught things around by passing glimpses. You see I was myself having as much as I could do. The crowd with whom Broderick was engaged was a little distance from me; and I had just wheeled to ride up to his help when two fellows put at me. The first one fired at me and missed. Before he could again cock his revolver I succeeded in closing with him. My sabre took him just in the neck, and must have cut the jugular. The blood gushed out in a black-looking stream; he gave a horrible yell and fell over the side of his horse, which galloped away. Then I gathered up my reins, spurred my horse, and went at the other one. I was riding that old black horse that used to belong to the signal sergeant, and it was in fine condition. As I drove in the spurs it gave a leap high in the air. That plunge saved my life. The rebel had a steady aim at me; but the ball went through the black horse's brain. His feet never touched ground again. With a terrible convulsive contraction of all his muscles the black turned over in the air, and fell on his head and side stone dead, pitching me twenty feet. I lighted on my pistol, the butt forcing itself far into my side; my sabre sprung out of my hand, and I lay, with arms and legs all abroad, stretched out like a dead man. Every body had something else to do than to attend to me, and there I lay where I had fallen.

"It seemed to me to have been an age before I began painfully to come to myself; but it could not have been many minutes. Every nerve was shaking; there was a terrible pain in my head, and a numbness through my side which was even worse. Fighting was still going on around me, and my first impulse was to get hold of my sword. I crawled to it and sank down as I grasped it once more. That was only for a moment; for a rebel soldier seeing me move rode at me. The presence of danger roused me, and I managed to get to my horse, behind which I sank, resting my pistol on the saddle and so contriving to get an aim. As soon as the man saw that, he turned off without attacking me. I was now able to stand and walk; so, holding my pistol in one hand and my sabre in the other, I made my way across the fields to where our battery was posted, scaring some with my pistol and shooting others. Nobody managed to hit me through the whole fight. When I got up to the battery I found Wood there. He sang out to me to wait and he would get me a horse. One of the men, who had just taken one, was going past, so Wood stopped him and got it for me. Just at that moment White's Battalion and some other troops came charging at the battery. The squadron of the First Maryland, who were supporting it, met the charge well as far as their numbers went; but were, of course, flanked on both sides by the heavy odds. All of our men who were free came swarming up the hill, and the cavalry were fighting over and around the guns. In spite of the confusion, and even while their comrades at the same piece were being sabred, the men at that battery kept to their duty. They did not even look up or around, but kept up their fire with unwavering steadiness. There was one rebel, on a splendid horse, who sabred three gunners while I was chasing him. He wheeled in and out, would dart away and then come sweeping back and cut down another man in a manner that seemed almost supernatural. We at last succeeded in driving him away, but we could not catch or shoot him, and he got off without a scratch.

"In the mean time the fight was going on elsewhere. Kilpatrick's Brigade charged on our right. The Second New York did not behave as well as it has sometimes done since, and the loss of it weakened us a great deal. The Tenth New York, though, went in well, and the First Maine did splendidly, as it always does. In spite of their superior numbers (Stuart had a day or two before reviewed thirty thousand cavalry at Culpepper, according to the accounts of rebel officers) we beat them heavily, and would have routed them completely if Duffie's Brigade had come up. He, however, was engaged with two or three hundred men on the left; the aid-de-camp sent to him with orders was wounded and taken prisoner, and he is not the sort of man to find out the critical point in a fight of his own accord.

"So now, they bringing up still more reserves, and a whole division of theirs coming on the field, we began to fall back. We had used them up so severely that they could not press us very close, except in the neighborhood of where the Second New York charged. There some of our men had as much as they could do to get out, and the battery had to leave three of its guns. We formed in the woods between a quarter and half a mile of the field, and [illegible] moved back to cover the left of Buford, who was [illegible] retreat toward Beverly Ford. Hart and Wynkoop [illegible]ied hard to cover the guns that were lost, but they had too few men, and so had to leave them. The rebels were terribly punished. By their own confession they lost three times as many as we did. In our regiment almost every soldier must have settled his man. Sergeant Craig, of Company K, I believe killed three. Slate, of the same Company, also went above the average. But we lost terribly. Sixty enlisted men of the First Jersey were killed, wounded, or missing. Colonel Wyndham was wounded, but kept his saddle; Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick and Major Shelmire were killed; Lieutenant Brooks was wounded; Captain Sawyer and Lieutenant Crocker were taken prisoners; and I, as you see, have had to come in at last and refit.

"I have spun you a pretty long yarn, and you must feel pretty tired; but when the memory of the fight comes over me I get almost as enthusiastic and excited as when it was going on. I am so proud of the regiment, officers and men, that I am almost sorry for the promotion that takes me out of it. Of course I have had to be egotistical, and tell you what occurred to myself, as that was to me the most intensely interesting; but I do not want you to fancy that I think I did any better or fought any harder than the others. In fact, I know that most of the others did a good deal more than I did; but not having seen it, of course I could not describe their share of the fight quite so well as that [illegible] occurred in my own neighborhood and to my [illegible] person.

"Now [illegible]m going to bid you good-night. I have talked mo[illegible] than is good for me, and you have listened as [illegible] as is good for you. To-morrow I will come a[illegible] tell you something about what we did around [illegible]ie and Upperville."

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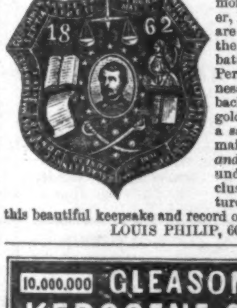


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